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The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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Photo: Jessie Tarbox Beals

Christmas Gladdens Both Home and Heart

"SHORN, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused. . . . The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings. . . . Even

the . . . minstrels break upon the midwatches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened . . . in that still and solemn hour, 'when deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and goodwill to mankind."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

"S-o-r-r-y Míster, Líne's Busy"

By Arthur M. Lockhart

A SUCCESSFUL advertiser once stated that he'd rather have a few dozen friends constantly speaking a good word for his company and its products than to be presented with a lot of continuous, free newspaper advertising. That man knew the value of "word-of-mouth" advertising. I don't doubt that he selected his telephone switchboard operator as carefully as his sales manager.

For, after all, telephone calls are substitutes for personal calls. The operator is merely removed from the sight of the person calling. The contact is otherwise personal. The telephone switchboard is indisputably one of the most important outposts of a firm's contact with the outside world. It's the port of entry for the majority of the total contacts a busy man makes during a day's work at his office.

The stewardess of a switchboard functions as a reception committee of one—there to *greet*, if you please, all the callers who visit by means of the telephone. She is thus in excellent position to make or break a lot of goodwill. Right now when business is harder than ever to get and when houses need to pull every available string to obtain public acceptance of their goods, or their services, it seems to me it's time for employers to wake up and buzz for a few new and better connections. The hello girls give their bosses perfect service. Why not? They know their voices! But as to the public—that's another matter. Unfortunately so.

I'm not saying that every operator need be a nightingale that exudes gobs of ecstatic sweetness in answering calls. More important is the *way* a voice is used. A Galli-Curci voice may pack a charge of caustic that renders the gutturals of a hag sweet in comparison. Or it may be so lacking in animation and volume as to convey the impression that the firm is as dead a fish as its operator. (Why can't operators at least speak loud enough to be heard distinctly?)

As far as I'm concerned, there's no need for the highly patronizing voice, either. Designed to convey extreme—or sugared—courtesy, it sounds insincere. The crisp, businesslike voice of the operator who avoids musical refrains and answers questions

Honey-and-dew may be as baneful as frost-and-acid over a phone. Nothing, after all, quite takes the place of old-time courtesy.

intelligently, and merely courteously, is much more preferable. When calling for Mr. Hoosis, I don't feel any better when greeted with a possibly well-intentioned but quite useless and sometimes nerve-grating, "Good morning," in middle C or some other harmonic.

There can be no question as to the real value of having one's operator say, "Just a moment, please," after the caller has designated the person to whom he wishes to speak—and requiring further that she go in on the line when the person called fails immediately to answer and then briefly state that she is "trying to complete the call," or whatever it is that the well-trained operator says in such cases.

BEING in some respects old-fashioned, I cling to certain possibly archaic theories of courtesy. One of my pet notions is that the use, by our telephone operators, of the terms "sir" and "madam" is not only justifiable but requisite.

I don't favor too much rush in telephone deportment. It is an affront and a decided destroyer of goodwill to permit an operator to convey the impression, through a rapid-fire, what-do-you-want attitude, that she and the organization are too busy to tarry over wire conversations. Institutions *that* busy are too swamped with patronage to handle *my* wants, at least. Receptions of this sort aren't limited to commercial houses, mind you. Secretaries of many professional men are similarly wanting.

Operators can do a world of good. They're a medium for it. They can be a live, effervescent, potent builder of goodwill. Through their prompt, courteous treatment they can make telephoning a pleasure. The adroit application of polite, businesslike language over the telephone—whether it's the operator or the president who's talking—can and does convert disgruntled persons into customers and friends.

"The voice with the smile wins."



"The fight was bitter . . . a prominent citizen, who felt that he had been outraged, called at the newspaper office with a gun, threatened to kill the editor. . ."

A Country Editor Looks at Life

By John Oliver Emmerich

Illustrations by Edwin P. Couse

HUMAN nature parades itself across the experiences of a newspaperman. From close range he is privileged to observe the fluctuating emotions of the public. Like the tides of the sea they ebb and flow.

The small town editor is particularly privileged in this respect. Newspapermen in other fields, however, may not agree that so-called country journalism affords broader avenues for studying human nature. My workshop is in a town of slightly over ten thousand population and the territory that surrounds it.

Recently I was talking with the city editor of a large metropolitan daily.

He observes human nature without big-city veneer. He is a person—not a machine. He has the fun of crusading for his pet ideas.

"I can't see," he said, "where you can get a kick out of running a newspaper in a small town. Life there is too dull. No excitement. I've got to be where things are going on in a big way."

Well, I admit there's something exciting about the proportions of a metropolitan daily. One can say the same thing about a huge plant where automobiles are turned out in mass production. But is there anything especially exciting about tightening

bolts, day in and day out, bolts located on the same place on every car body that comes down the line? The finished automobile is fine to look upon, but the efforts of so many individuals are consumed in its production that the result is a very impersonal thing. The workman cannot see himself in the product; he has merely tightened a bolt or covered a fender with paint.

The greater the newspaper, the greater is the need of specialization. Specialization means restriction and restriction means routine. When business becomes routine, then it becomes dull and unexciting.

I do not mean to say that the small town editor should pick up a copy of his paper and say, "This is what I have done." Most assuredly the small town paper is not a one-man task. But somehow the duties and responsibilities of the small town editor are so interwoven in his paper that it becomes a part of him. He writes news as well as editorials. Letters regarding subscriptions are frequently directed to him personally. He is charged personally with the mistakes of the paper and if an editorial happens to meet with happy accord the people will say, "Did

you read what so-and-so had to say?" And many will stop the editor on the street to express approval or disagreement with an editorial viewpoint.

The small town editor who maintains a vigorous editorial policy must need champion the things deemed best for his community. This means excitement enough. Plenty of it.

PIKE County, Mississippi, for example, had expended approximately two million dollars of state, federal, and county money over a period of twenty years in an effort to eradicate Texas cattle ticks. Farmers had been forced by law to dip their cattle at regular intervals. Vats were constructed at various places in the county and farmers had to go over the range, herd their cattle, drive them to the vat, and then force them to plunge in and take a bath in an arsenic solution.

With this program executed year in and year out, naturally farmers were rightfully irritated. Many vats were dynamited. Finally the state made a large appropriation to complete the job of eradicating ticks in the few remaining "ticky" counties. Within

"Public opinion crystallized favorably to the fence idea. . . And the county was assured of permanent protection against the cattle ticks."



a couple of years the drive was successfully completed. The ticks were gone.

Pike County, however, borders the state of Louisiana and Louisiana had neglected tick eradication work and ticks were plentiful there. It was soon seen that Louisiana's "ticky" cattle crossing the Mississippi line would re-infest Pike County herds and thus destroy all the results of the tick eradication movement.

The county supervisors employed range riders but this was ineffectual for while a rider was at one end of his beat a stray Louisiana yearling could cross the line and distribute enough ticks to re-infest a whole community. The county was placed under quarantine. Cattle could not be sold. Farmers on the line were ordered to continue dipping. Discontent was rife.

A local newspaper suggested that the county build a double line fence between the states with mechanical cattle guards on all roads. A double fence, ten feet apart, was necessary as cattle would rub against each other and so distribute ticks if only a single fence were used. There was nothing new in the idea. This, incidentally, substantiated the editorial position of the newspaper.

"Build a fence between two states to keep out ticky cattle." The idea was hailed as preposterous by the supervisors. A newspaper fight followed. "Politics," cried the press. "The supervisors want to maintain range riders for the patronage it affords."

The politicians retaliated. The editor was abused and condemned in open letters published in rival newspapers. The newspaper reasoned that the thirty miles of fence could be built for approximately the cost of the range riders for one year. The fight was

bitter. The editor took some of the politicians to task. One of the indirect results of this fight was that a prominent citizen, who felt that he had been outraged, called at the newspaper office with his gun, threatened to kill the editor on sight, demanded retraction, etc. A ten thousand dollar libel suit was filed—and subsequently abandoned.

Public opinion crystallized favorably to the fence idea. Subsequently the line fence was built. Farmers ceased driving their cattle to the dipping vats. The quarantine was lifted. The cattle market reopened. And the county was assured of permanent protection against cattle ticks.

NOW the thing that makes an editorial fight particularly interesting to the small town editor is that he meets the people he opposes face to face every day. They know exactly where he is and can talk to him at almost any hour. He is not secluded in a skyscraper office behind a barricade of secretaries. The editorial policy therefore becomes more or less personal. The larger the newspaper, the more impersonal editorial campaigns seem to be. The greater the paper, the less conspicuous becomes the editor; and many small town editors often wish that they could fade out of the picture somewhat and let a campaign be regarded as a matter of newspaper policy rather than an opinion maintained by the editor of the paper.

It would seem to some people that if an editor were alert to the interest of the community and consistently championed what he thought best, he would soon have an accumulation of enemies. Not so. That is, if an editor's stand is actuated by community interest, is fair to [Continued on page 54]



"The chances are that the ex-subscriber will borrow the paper of his nearest neighbor. . ."





It's a frame shack and it serves a mining town in Quebec, but its resources and capital exceed \$70,000,000! Its strength is the strength of its city parent and a string of associates scattered over Canada.

Below—Montreal's financial center, "The Wall Street of Canada."

Canada's Banks Stand Up

By Robert J. C. Stead

DURING 1931 no fewer than 2,298 banks in the United States suspended payment. Their liabilities to depositors exceeded 1,691 millions of dollars. In the same period 276 banks re-opened, with liabilities to depositors amounting to 158 millions of dollars. The net suspension was 2,022 banks with liabilities to depositors amounting to 1,533 millions.

In the same period no Canadian bank went into suspension. Indeed, one has to follow Canadian bank history back to 1923 to find the latest instance of a bank failure in that country. Then he will find another gap of nine years—to 1914—a gap which includes the period of the war, without a bank failure.

The contrast provokes inquiry. Have the banks of Canada, particularly during the period of the well-known depression, escaped a financial strain similar to that which has been felt in the United States? Have the Canadian banks enjoyed immunity from failure because of fortunate conditions for which they can take no special credit? Or is the difference in record due mainly to bank structure and banking practice?

An explanation might readily be offered in the suggestion that Canada has suffered less acutely during the world trade and financial crises than has her neighbor. To measure the comparative impact of the depression upon the two countries is perhaps impossible, and at any rate is outside the scope of



Photo: Hands Studios

Would Canada's system cure the banking ills of the U.S. A.? An 'anti' will have the floor next month.



Canada has only ten banks—but each is a tower of strength. The pillared building houses the head offices of the Bank of Montreal. To the right is the Royal Trust Building.

this article; but the natural resources of Canada and the United States are, in general, so alike, and the methods of production and distribution so nearly identical, that whatever affects one may be assumed to affect the other to a somewhat similar extent.

There are grounds upon which it may be argued that, theoretically, the depression should have fallen more heavily upon Canada than upon the United States. Canada is much more dependent upon external markets for the sale of her products. In 1929 she exported goods and commodities to other countries to the value of \$141 per capita of her population, while exports from the United States amounted to about \$45 per capita.

CANADA'S greater proportionate dependence upon outside markets and world conditions generally is therefore apparent. Moreover, Canada's exports consist largely of primary products in which the collapse of prices was most complete—wheat, raw minerals, forest products, paper.

It hardly can be contended that the winds of depression were 'specially tempered to the Canadian lamb—lambs neatly and closely shorn, just as in the United States—but rather that the banking structure of Canada stood up under a pressure quite as great

as that which existed south of the border, and, by standing up, protected its depositors and the country from any serious collapse.

In comparing the banking systems of Canada and the United States one is immediately struck by some outstanding differences.

In Canada *all* banks operate under federal charter; there are no provincial or state banks (provincial savings offices, operated by some of the provinces, are not banks, and should not be confused with them.) The Bank Act of Canada is the charter under which all banks operate, and as this Act is subject to periodical revision by parliament, it is apparent that the people,

through parliament, have the power to revise their bank charters from time to time as experience may dictate.

The Bank Act provides that the capital stock of a bank shall be not less than \$500,000 divided into shares of \$100 each. This amount of stock must be subscribed, at least half of it must be paid up, and the sum of \$250,000 must be deposited with the government before a bank can receive its charter. There are, therefore, no small banks in Canada.

It is also provided that each bank must have at least five directors, that each director must be the owner of stock in his own right on which at least \$3,000 has been paid, that the majority of directors must be British subjects domiciled in Canada, that all officers, clerks, and servants must be bonded, and that all stock carries with it double liability in case the assets of a bank should be insufficient to meet its obligations.

Banks are permitted to issue bank notes (bills) of the value of five dollars and multiples thereof to an extent not exceeding the amount of unimpaired capital and the amount of gold coin and Dominion notes held for the bank by the Central Gold Reserves. There is provision for a limited expansion of the issue during the period in which the wheat crop

is moving to market. All banks are required to contribute a sum, based on their note circulation, to a fund which is available for the redemption of notes of any bank which may fail. In fifty years no Canadian bank note has failed to be redeemed at its face value—a fact which does not seem to be known in many parts of the United States, where Canadian bank notes are regarded with an uncertainty bordering upon suspicion.

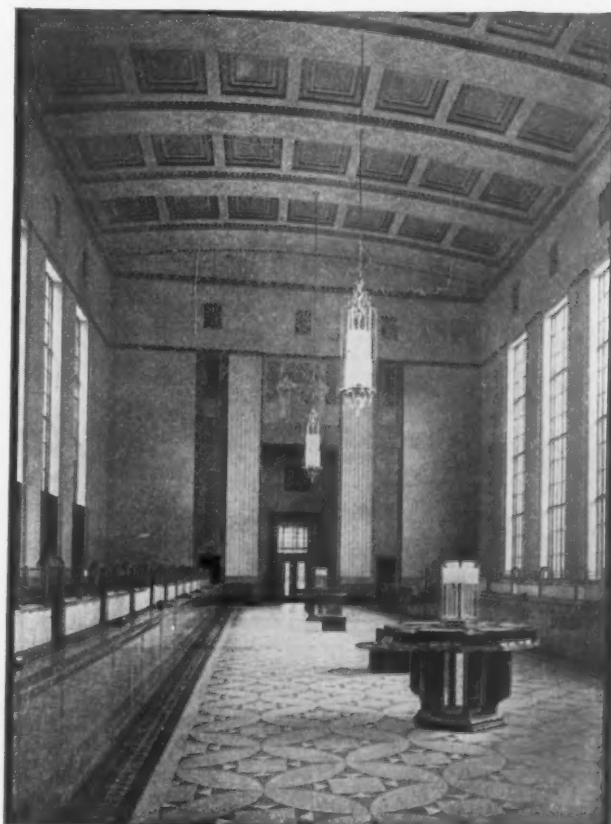
It has already been said that there are no small banks in Canada, the minimum capital for any bank being at least half a million dollars. The smaller communities, which could not of themselves support banks of such dimensions, are served by branch banks. Indeed, *there are only ten banks in Canada, but their branches are to be found in even the most remote places where there is demand for banking service.*

The trend may be seen in the fact that at confederation, sixty-five years ago, there were twenty-eight banks with 123 branches; since then the population of Canada has trebled, foreign trade has increased more than a thousand per cent, and there are now ten banks—with 3,970 branches in the Dominion!

THE branch banks also reach out into other countries, and are an important factor in the rapid development of Canada's foreign trade. There are twenty-four Canadian branch banks in Newfoundland, seven in England, three in France, thirteen in the United States, five in Mexico, twenty-seven in the British West Indies, forty-seven in Cuba, thirty-one in Central and South America, seventeen in Porto Rico, etc., one in St. Pierre and Miquelon, and one in Spain. There are now more Canadian banks *outside* of Canada than there were in the whole Dominion at confederation.

Volumes can be written for and against the branch bank system. It may be contended that it tends to centralization; that it removes banking control from the communities immediately concerned. The advocates of the system will produce that same argument in its defense. Some- [Continued on page 53]

Not since 1923 has a single bank in Canada gone broke, while in 1931 alone, 2,298 United States banks closed their doors. Why? Part of the answer is provided by these pictures of typical banking units in small Canadian towns. They are substantial, comely, but not more expensively constructed than local conditions warrant.





"... a flock of sheep moving silently down a dust-filled mountain road, clattering suddenly across a wooden bridge, and then ... the soft and silent highway."

Is This Rotary's Hour to Speak?

By Clinton P. Anderson

President, Rotary International

*Illustrations by
Albert H. Winkler*

IN ONE of his poems, James Russell Lowell paints a picture that is very dear to those who have lived in pastoral countries. He describes a flock of sheep moving silently down a dust-filled mountain road, clattering suddenly across a wooden bridge, and then finding their feet again on the soft and silent highway.

Life, he concludes, is like that: a little noise between two silences.

Can Rotary be fitted to the same figure? Surely it was born with no fanfare of trumpets. Today, with its worldwide membership, it is a voice in the affairs of nations. Tomorrow a changed economic world might find it silent.

It is difficult to imagine that the sweeping idea of a service club movement will ever know a recession. But it may be useful to face that possibility, however remote. It might serve a purpose if every member of the organization would toy with that idea, and, toying with it, ask himself this question: "If this is

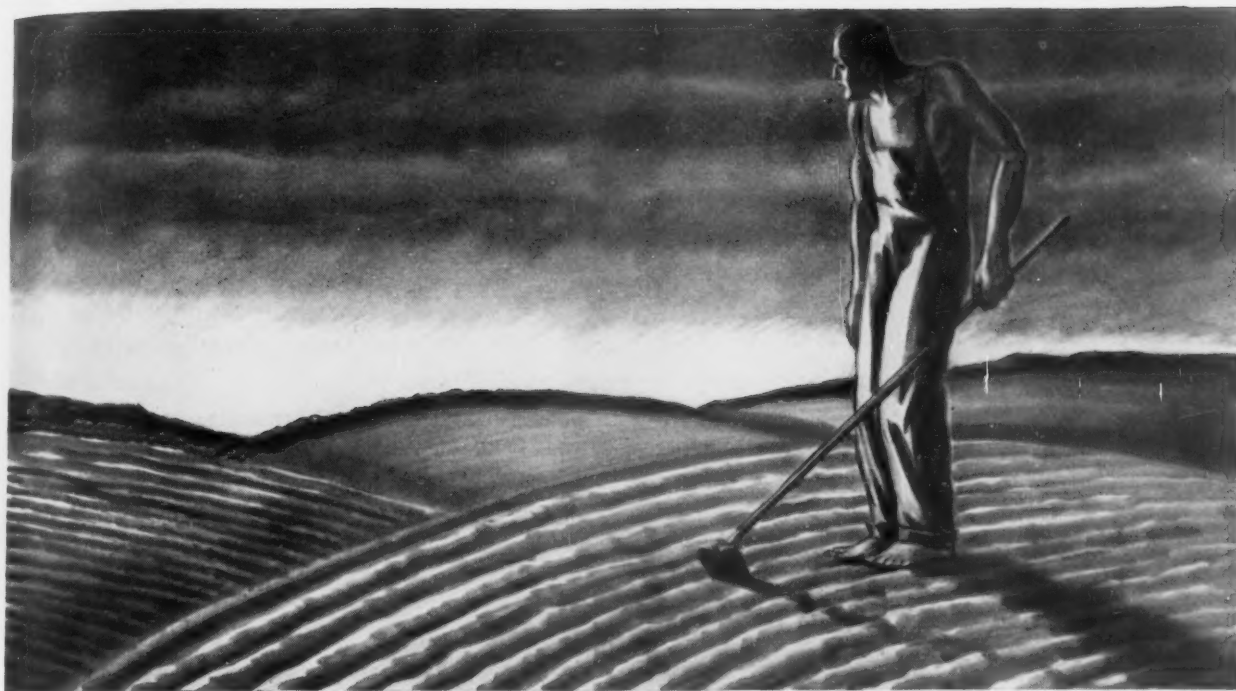
The reality of economic turmoil is indisputable. It forces upon us a challenge for action. What will be the service-club answer?

the period of noise between the silences, if this is our day to have a voice, if this is the hour to speak, what should we say to the world?"

In the October issue of *THE ROTARIAN*, there is the story of a jewelry merchant in an American city who was distressed because England had gone off the gold standard. His friend asked him how much England owed him directly. The merchant could recount no debt and presumably his worries vanished. But is that the ultimate answer?

Are we to suppose that the tremors from a financial earthquake would stop when they reached a national boundary drawn by the pen of man in the book of world geography?

Going off the gold standard was no earthquake, but it might have indicated that there was more to come. Its next appearance might have been closer home. It might have involved one country or a



"But with oats bringing in nine cents a bushel and with the prospect of eleven-cent corn facing him, the farmer . . . stopped making such frequent trips to town."

combination of countries. In the end, some slight shock might have rattled the windows even in an Indiana jewelry store.

Will we say to the world that Rotary is not interested in economic depressions? Remember, now, that we are pretending that this is our hour to speak. Will we shrug an uninterested shoulder?

Canon William Thompson Elliott, speaking before the Seattle convention, gave as his opinion that the most significant factor in the present economic situation, in spite of all the practical measures that had been taken by practical men, was the obvious lack of moral and intelligent control of it by anybody whatsoever; that few people seemed to know how to get out of it, and that "however much anybody knows, nobody seems to be able to do anything to direct, govern, or control the future course of the situation."

Is the indictment valid? I think so. If Rotary is to speak to the world, might it not say that a large and fairly representative group of business men are determined that we shall set ourselves to end it and to see that it shall not happen again?

This is my theme, because I have recently finished a visit that has included nearly thirty intercity meetings scattered in a wide area over much of the North American continent. Men everywhere are anxious to see Rotary do something—at least try something.

They ask why men should band themselves together if they are unwilling to use their mass power in seeking to work out their economic salvation.

The natural question is as to the method by which this mass power can properly be used. On that, there must inevitably be a wide range of opinion. Some want to spend more on public improvements; others are certain that tax burdens are already high enough and that the time for retrenchment is at hand. But on a few things we find ourselves rather largely in agreement.

IN MY desk lies a slip of paper giving the figures on the operation of a South Dakota farm during the 1932 growing season. The landlord's share of the crop from 210 acres of wheat, oats, and barley is \$298.30. The taxes on that portion of the farm will use up \$200 of that revenue. There are to be added many expenses such as repairs, threshing of grain, insurance, and minor items. The plight of the farmer has been brought home to my doorstep.

There have been good years, of course. During those, the farmer improved his position. It was not so long ago that the government of the United States started on a vast program of federal assistance in the construction of roads which literally "lifted the farmer out of the mud." He could buy an automobile to ride into town, a truck to haul his produce to

the nearest market, a tractor to plow his ground. The automotive industry boomed and Detroit moved to the front rank of cities. Once in town, he could see an excellent moving picture. Hollywood housed a lusty new infant. On the trips back and forth, he had need for many gallons of gasoline. The skyline of Tulsa, the oil capital, took on new magnificence.

But with oats bringing in nine cents a bushel and with the prospect of eleven-cent corn facing him, the farmer left his automobile and truck standing side by side on the farm. He put his tractor up. He stopped making such frequent trips to town. Detroit, Hollywood, and Tulsa began to lose a customer.

A great portion of America is still agricultural. It seems futile to talk of economic recovery until the farmer has again been lifted, this time out of the mire of economic disaster.

A business publication comments on the crash in the price of newsprint and speaks of a desperate effort to get business through a slash in prices without reference to the cost of manufacture. An adjoining page speaks of a gasoline price war with substantial cuts in prices due to "conditions of over-

supply and wide-spread price cutting." But the price of crude oil did not drop and in some places it was lifted a few cents.

Ahead of such a policy can only loom more receiverships, more stock losses, more depression. Does it not bear out the contention of Canon Elliott that there is an obvious lack of moral and intelligent control of our present situation?

YOU meet it in Rotary clubs. A manufacturer will say: "We are getting a nice volume of business, but the prices won't let us make any money." A club president will remark: "This is an agricultural community and our merchants cannot turn their stocks." Or: "This is an industrial community and our workers have been unemployed for so long that the spirit of the community is broken."

Rotary is standing up and facing it in the life of its clubs. Nearly every district reports that the decline in membership, never more than slight, has stopped and gains are again the order of the day. Club executives constantly report that the disheartening effects of the depression have helped to build club morale and individual loyalty to the Rotary movement.

There is a club in New York state that has my admiration. Conditions there are about as bad as conditions can get. The need for strictest economy was apparent. The final reduction came in the cost of club luncheons and it was achieved by the simple device of having four members serve as waiters during each luncheon. That club will emerge from its troubles with increased and renewed strength because its members have sacrificed together out of their common love for Rotary idealism.

Another club in the New England states bravely faced the need for feeding thousands of its unemployed. The club budget was meager. Only \$100 was advanced for the work, but the Rotarians so ably organized the effort in the com- [Continued on page 52]

"A club president will remark . . . 'This is an industrial community and our workers have been unemployed for so long that the spirit of the community is broken.'"





Photo: Courtesy, International Live Stock Exposition

Healthy hogs increase their avoirdupois about a pound a day until, usually at age nine months, they are converted into pork chops, hairbrushes, and things. Above—prize Berkshire barrow-hogs.

Pigs That Go to Market

By Leland D. Case

TO Bo-bo, a Chinese bad boy who made good, the world owes a discovery that has sent countless millions of pigs to market.

Bo-bo, as every reader of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation Upon Roast Pig" certainly will recall, carelessly let his father's house burn—and with it a litter of pigs. Too late, repentant Bo-bo tried to rescue a pigling from the embers. It was sizzling hot. Yowling with pain, Bo-bo thrust his fist into his mouth to cool. Suddenly, pleased surprise spread over his countenance.

"Oh boy!" he exclaimed in ecstatic Chinese. Some of the succulent pork had stuck to his fingers. Father Ho-ti's wrath quickly cooled when he too tasted the fruits of his son's folly. And thereafter, relates Lamb, "as often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze." In fact, house-burning and pig-roasting became an old Chinese custom until a Kettering of the day discovered that it was not necessary to fire a home to barbecue a pig. All of which

Out in Minnesota is a plant that got its start in the panic of '93. Today it is licking the depression with new products, new methods.

and much more happened, Lamb whimsically records, in "I forget whose dynasty."

Today before the doors of the Hormel packing establishment at Austin, in fertile southern Minnesota, is no marble effigy gratefully honoring the memory of Bo-bo. Properly there might be, however, for Hormel's is a business that literally has thrived on the fat of the land: pork. Indeed, one can almost trace to a *certain* hog the origin of an industry which from an investment of one hundred dollars in a retail butcher shop forty-four years ago has grown into a packing plant with annual sales of forty millions.

This particular pig referred to was corn and sour-milk fed. It had rooted its way to normal maturity, had been "stuck" and scraped in the customary way, and one day in the late 'eighties was hoisted in the

Friedrich & Hormel meat market in Austin, then a town of 3,500. It was not an unusual hog, but something most unusual was done with it.

Twenty-seven-year old George A. Hormel, who had invested his one hundred dollars in the shop, was a greenhorn at selling meats. Seven years spent buying hides for a Des Moines firm had, however, given him ideas. He had seen cattle, sheep, and veal heads strewn about in slaughter house yards instead of being trimmed for profit-making specialties. Barrels of tallow and bone scraps were often neglected

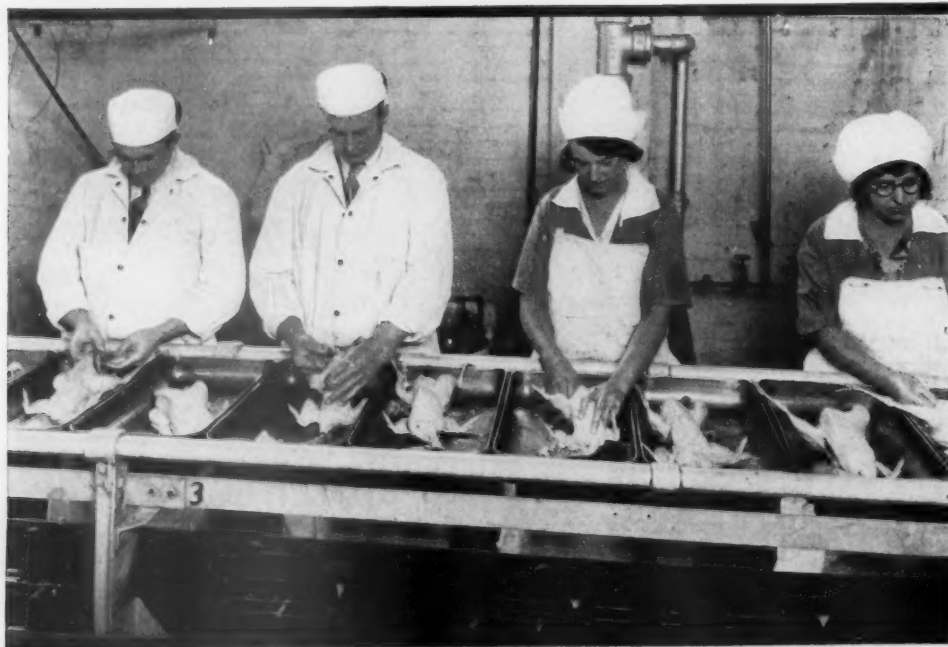
until the tallow became tainted and brought but second-grade prices. Fat-streaked paunches were fed to hogs when, with a bit of foresight, the fat might have been salvaged for lard.

In Chicago and other centers, some packers—notably Swift, Morris, Armour, and Cudahy—were awake to these losses, but in the peak-roofed, weather-stained slaughter houses which a generation ago supplied most American communities with fresh meats, complacency reigned unchallenged. Retailers did their own slaughtering but couldn't tell which kind of meat brought the most profit. Hormel resolved to find out.

So in the Friedrich & Hormel meat market, clerks were mystified one day by an order to keep a separate slip on every sale made from a *certain* hog carcass. Comparison of this data, checked and rechecked with records on beef, veal and mutton, revealed what only a forgotten few butchers of those days knew. It was that there was less waste and richer profit* in the hog than in any other two carcasses. Hardly less than Bo-bo's, it was an epochal discovery.

This was why, when the George A. Hormel & Co. market opened its doors in 1891, the youthful proprietor insisted that his clerks "feature" pork. Austin housewives, uncertain whether they wanted veal or sirloin for dinner, often took home pork chops. That Hormel was on the right trail is brought out by statistics. The first year, 1891-2, the Hormel market's kill was 610 hogs. In 1892-3, it was 1,400, and hardly

*Recent statistics bear out the conclusion that the hog is by far the most economical food animal in existence. Cattle average, in the carcass and edible by-products, not more than sixty per cent of the weight of the live animal; sheep and lambs forty to fifty per cent; hogs eighty to eighty-five per cent.



Vegetable soup with a meat instead of a tomato base is the latest Hormel answer to the depression's challenge. Note the stream of empty cans, cascading down from the floor above, about to receive their spoonful of this or that vegetable, to be delivered automatically from the hoppers. The meat juices are squirted in, the cans are sealed and then trucked into mammoth cookers that look like dismantled locomotive boilers. (See opposite page.)

Canned chicken has proved to be a profitable specialty. Every bird stands rigid federal inspection.

a jog mars the upward tilt of the graph for subsequent years.

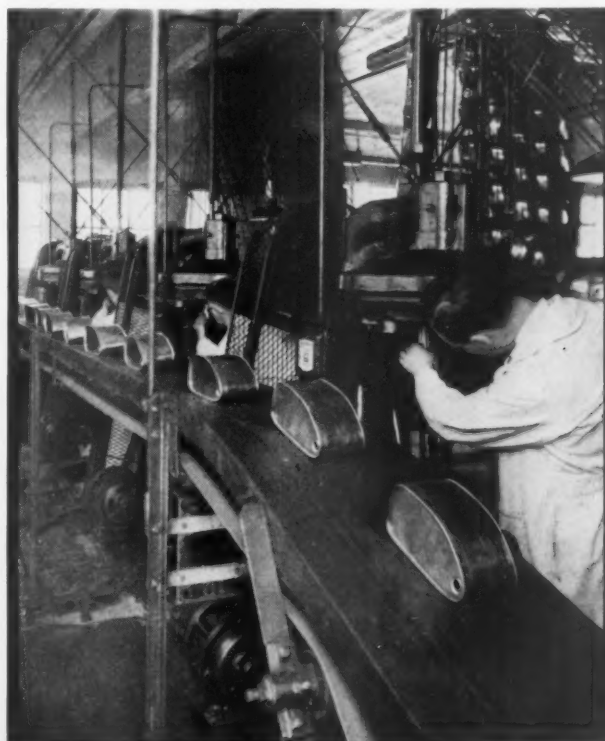
Now a new day has come at Hormel's. The hog kill has grown to a million annually, which still towers over figures for steers and calves and lambs. The retail market is but a memory of reminiscing old employees. The once proud "first building" has become a tool house. As these words are typewritten, the power plant, capable among other things of making 2,400 tons of ice in twenty-four hours, is switching from coal to gas piped from Texas. And the second-hand sausage chopper, which with its threshing-machine roar so effectively impressed rural visitors in the 'nineties, has with other obsolete machinery been repeatedly displaced by more efficient equipment.

TODAY the plant arises from the prairie like a mesa. Daily queues of sightseers are conveyed through acres of glistening rooms, down ramps and white-tiled passages strung with asbestos-swaddled pipes, past great engines whose pistons crouch and leap like panthers. They watch the saga of pork from the moment the hog, dangling from his left rear leg, joins the squirming, squealing parade. They see him pummelled through a scraping machine, disentrained by knives flashing as dextrously as a fencing master's blade, then shunted on overhead tracks into the cooling room—all within a half hour after his final squeal. Passing into the head-clearing coolness of the storage rooms, visitors inhale the pungent odors of curing hams and sausages biding their time for their

humble rôle in the drama of modern commerce.

But the new day has not changed some things at Hormel's. The management, thanks to motors and paved roads, is even closer to the farmer who supplies the raw product and to the village retailer who vends it. There is the same old camaraderie among the bosses and the workmen.* The latter, largely recruited from Austin and [Continued on page 43]

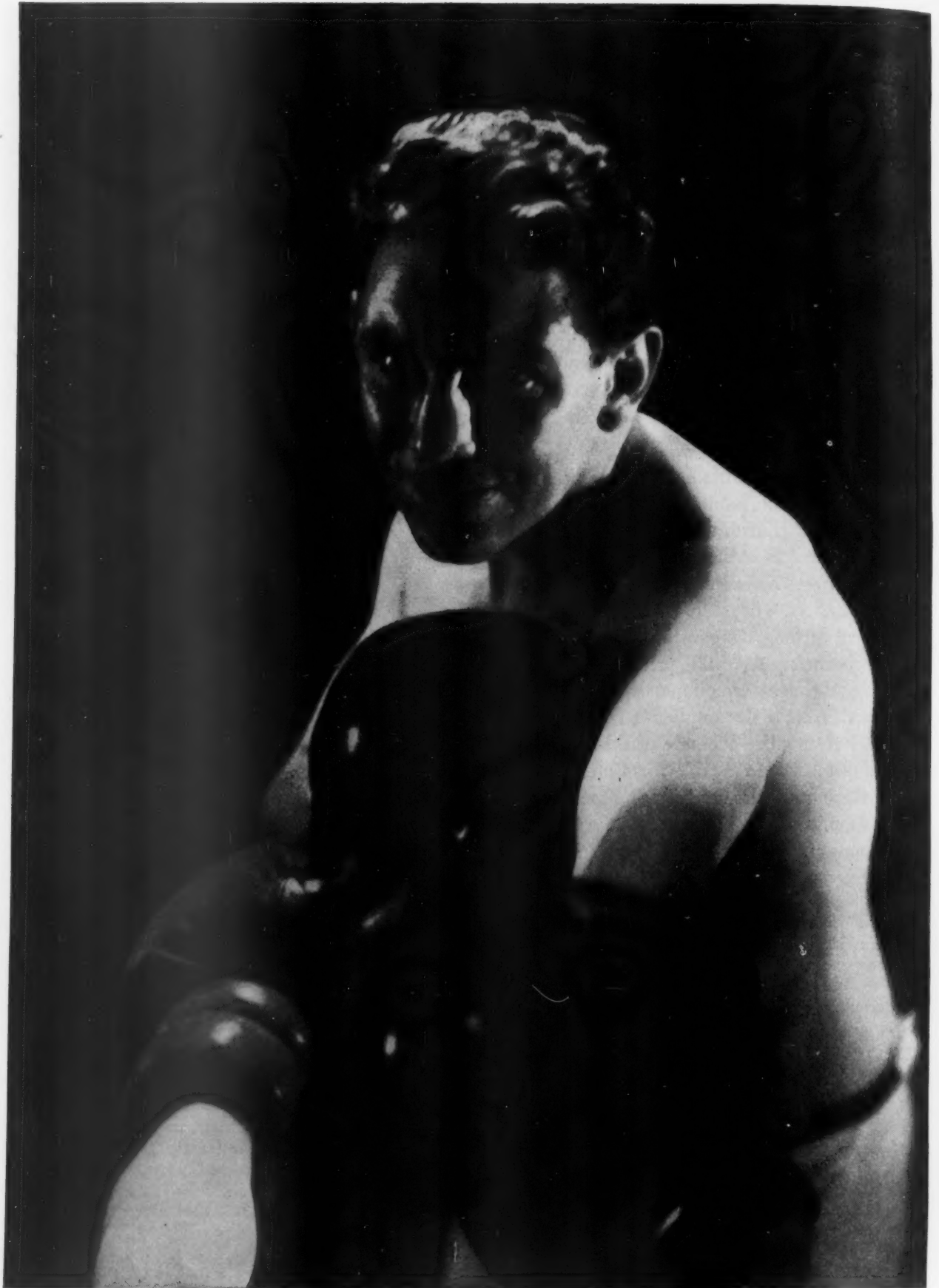
*It is estimated that sixty per cent of the 2,000 employees own or are buying homes; and seventy-five per cent own their own cars. During the recent summer slack season Hormel employees agreed to "divide" their work so as to obviate the necessity of discharging any men. George A. Hormel is a staunch advocate in the industry of the six-hour day with wages which will give workmen a high buying power.



And here are the "tailored-to-measure" cans of chicken, moving from process to process on an endless belt. Machines automatically close them. Next they are loaded on trucks and shoved—truck and all—into the giant cookers.

Note the attendant (right) observing the instrument board. Every condition is scientifically regulated in modern canneries. Nothing is left to chance. The czar of Hormel's canning department is Jean Vernet, a French chef, whose taste checks up on the findings of the research laboratory.





Smilin' Eddie Eagan. . . He scraps for sport.

Eagan Versus Eagan

By **Eddie Eagan**

Former World's Amateur Heavyweight Champion

I FELT as I imagine a music lover feels when for the first time the flood of some stirring symphony overwhelms the senses in ecstasy. A small man was beating up a bully twice his size. Standing in patched overalls—my one and only garment—in the ranch corral, my heart pounded furiously as I watched the encounter. My whole being thrilled. Yet it was not the David and Goliath suggestion which fascinated me. For the first time in my twelve years I suddenly awakened to the fact that there was such a thing as science in fighting. In the clever feinting, the skillful hooks and jabs, the fast foot-work, and marvelous elusiveness of the victorious small man I saw grace, rhythm, poetry in action. In that moment I knew I would not be happy until I had mastered the science of boxing. I had found a life's goal!

When a man is asked to tell how he achieved some degree of eminence in business, politics, sport, or science, he is expected to begin by relating the details of an incident which shaped his career. I've done it in the foregoing.

But I really hadn't found a life's work. I'd merely found the means to a prelude to what I hope will be a worthwhile career. Fighting has been fun. It has brought me prestige. It has been an important factor in a wide and varied scholastic career on two continents. It has taken me twice around the world, attended by big-game thrills and adventures such as all normal young men crave. Ability with my fists has won me handclasps and hosts of friends ranging from newsboys to maharajahs in Indian palaces. The trophies of several national and international ring championships which decorate my study invariably intrigue the interest of callers. And yet at thirty-four I'm really just starting my career. That's the point of this article. I wouldn't be unless I had won many battles which

The author was reared in poverty. He put himself through college—then turned down “sure money” in the ring to be a lawyer. Would you?

no one saw, fights with the great tempter Mammon as represented by a professional pugilistic career. For almost fifteen years that was my hardest opponent.

The fact that poverty invariably was in my corner, urging me to throw up the sponge, made such struggles even harder. At times it tested my strength to the utmost to refuse outstretched purses and to close my ears to the flatteries of well-wishers, not to mention concrete propositions from such well-known fight promoters and managers as the late Tex Rickard, his British counterpart, the late Peggy Bettison, and Jack Kearns, Dempsey's old manager. Had I not occasionally toyed with the



Eddie Eagan and Jack Dempsey. Both of these ex-champions were born in Colorado. One fought for fun—the other for millions.

idea of becoming a professional, I'd have been less than human.

Gene Tunney helped hold me in the ranks of the amateurs once when I had about decided to go over the fence. And now I've won. I'm a member of the New York bar. Often I think of what might have been, as every good amateur must in any field of sport. But when such phantoms as million-dollar gates and the roar of the crowd persist in bedeviling me, into my mind flash vignettes of lonely battles I fought and won, and I am comforted. I am a lawyer from now on.



"It's not worth it," Gene Tunney (right) told the author (left), "you don't know what a 'champ' has to put up with until you are one. . . It takes lots of fights to get to the top, and then it's a matter of luck."

The victorious American bob-sled team at the Olympic Games at Lake Placid, N. Y. Eddie Eagan is behind Pilot William Fiske.



Before I saw that fight out in Colorado I'd had an earlier ambition. I was resolved to be Somebody when I grew up. My school-book heroes were the presidents and statesmen of my country. It had become impressed in my mind that the men I most admired had established a groundwork for their later achievements as lawyers. At twelve I was determined to be a lawyer as the first step towards my goal. And then I knew I'd also have to be a fighter.

At that point another book-hero helped me retain my first ambition while fascinated by the second. Frank Merriwell was my athletic ideal. I measured him against the ring champions past and present whom I knew from the newspaper sport pages. Frank Merriwell, the amateur, seemed to get the most out of life.

I won't say that I reached that decision alone. The pint-sized, bow-legged cowboy who first awoke in me an admiration for the science of fist-cuffs, and who for two years taught me all he knew of the game, was also a wise and far-seeing counsellor. Parting from his devoted pupil on the eve of my entering high school at fourteen he told me:

"You're a good scrapper, Eddie, but don't be a mug and go pro. Stick to your books and get brains. Fighting is fun so long as you take it for just that. With pros the money [Continued on page 45]"

Automobiles are waiting to whisk these guest students at the University of Wisconsin and their hosts to Waupun. Left to right, back row—Merle E. Faber, Waupun, present district governor; Andres P. Serrano, Chile; Paul F. Hunter, Madison Rotary Club secretary; middle—William J. Meuer, Madison; P. T. Chu, China; Luis Ortegón, Jr., Mexico; Philip Kohl, Waupun; Stanislaw Belzecki, Poland; front—John Landaal, Waupun; Tehyin Y. Li, China; Ursulla Rossman, Germany; Zlatoje Yovitch, Yugoslavia; Mrs. Merle E. Faber; Dr. Harold C. Bradley, Madison.



Now I Understand America

By Stanislaw Belzecki

ONE hot day, early in the summer of 1931, found me in my student room at Madison, Wisconsin, deserted and lonely. Most of my friends from the state university had departed for their homes, the school year having ended. I, too, was thinking of my home—in distant Poland—when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to welcome Mr. Hibbard, the university Y. M. C. A. secretary, and a stranger introduced as Mr. Merle E. Faber, a member of the Rotary club at Waupun, Wisconsin.

Mr. Faber, explained Mr. Hibbard, wanted to talk to me about a matter concerning Rotary clubs. I was surprised and, maybe, a bit reserved for my first opinion of Rotary was formed from a facetious comment of a fellow-student about a geared-wheel sign along the highway outside a little Wisconsin town. That unfair impression, however, had been somewhat corrected later by an "international dinner" given by the Madison Rotary Club. So, I listened courteously.

"Some of us Rotarians have been wondering," Mr. Faber began, "if you students who have come

A first-hand account of how Wisconsin Rotarians put the Sixth Object to work among "foreign" university students.

to America from other lands wouldn't like to visit American homes."

At that I was—what is the American expression—all ears?

"The plan," Mr. Faber went on, "is to have Rotary clubs in towns near Madison entertain 'foreign' students over the week-ends, placing the students in private homes as guests."

I quickly assured Mr. Faber that I thought the idea was a very good one. And he nodded understandingly when I told him that most of us students from other lands, especially those from the Orient, never have an opportunity to see the inside of an American home. The impression we take back to our countries is of class-rooms, hotels, depots, stores, and factories. But seldom, if ever, homes.

Well, that little three-cornered conversation among Mr. Faber, Mr. Hibbard, and myself, has led to some



Top—Mr. and Mrs. Faber and Ursulla Rossman (Germany). Middle—Will H. Baker and Luis Ortegon, Jr. (Mexico). Bottom—P. T. Chu (China) and Harold M. Larson.

Top—Tehyin Y. Li (China) and Fay T. Clark. Middle—Ira L. Parvin and Pablo N. Mabbun (Philippines). Bottom—James H. Canham and Andres P. Serrano (Chile).

Top—Harry L. Beyers and Stanislaw Belzecki (Poland). Middle—Lester Damsteegt and Zlatoje Yovitch (Jugoslavia). Bottom—Jose M. Valdes (Philippines), Otto J. Walters.

AT Waupun, as elsewhere, these Rotarians welcomed the guest students into their family circles for the week-end. Every opportunity was given to see "American homes from the inside." Several of the visitors accompanied their hosts to office or shop on Saturday morning, and some helped fill family pews at church on Sunday.

remarkably helpful experiences for me and, I am sure, for other overseas students at the University of Wisconsin. During the school year 1931-32 I had the pleasure with many other students of participating in week-end visits to Waupun, Delavan, Columbus, and Janesville, all towns within sixty miles of Madison. Rotarians in many other nearby cities were also hosts to my fellow-students. And, I understand, the idea—now called the “host plan”—is to be followed up this year not only at Madison but in other American university towns.

The “host plan” works this way. The Madison Rotary Club gets in touch with the guest students, prepares a list of those available for trips, and apporions them to the host clubs. Then usually on Friday afternoon the Rotarians motor into Madison and collect the students. After a week-end spent in the homes of Rotarians, the students are brought back to Madison.

Now all Americans, I find, are interested in “results.” And it was to find out what were the results of the plan that Professor Harold C. Bradley, past president of the Madison Rotary Club, arranged a luncheon for all of us who had been on the first trips. The comment of each was enthusiastic. We were frankly eager to learn more of what we decided was the “real” America—homes.

Let me tell here what had happened to me. At Waupun, where I made my first visit, I was the guest of a Rotarian engaged in furniture retailing. This interested me greatly, for I had come to America to study economics. Then, too, I visited the state prison farm and the state criminal insane hospital. From another Rotarian I also got an insight into the great American “game” of advertising.

At Delavan I was the guest of Rotarian Robert MacDonald, advertising manager of the Bradley Knitting Company. Several of us students visited his factory, and learned much about how our clothes are made. At the school for the deaf, the oldest in the country, I had the privilege of seeing modern and scientific methods helping people overcome natural handicaps. While there I was taken to a

high-school dance by my host and charming hostess. The Delavan trip was also memorable because of a visit at the famous Yerkes Observatory.

Later, at Waukesha I had the opportunity of seeing how America treats its delinquent boys, and of making a talk to the Rotary club. At Madison, thanks to Walter Schulte, past president of the Rotary club, I saw from the inside the famous Burgess Laboratories of which he is secretary. Add to all of this the miles and miles of beautiful Wisconsin countryside which I have seen on my trips, and the reader will understand why I shall always treasure memories of this, my last year at the University of Wisconsin.

AS I return to Poland and other overseas students return to their home lands, each of us will carry in our minds not only a better understanding of the physical land called America, but, because we have seen its homes, its soul. Instead of having frittered away time in seeing distorted life as often presented in movies, or in other less-important activities, we have been benefited by wholesome expe-



These Delavan Rotarians were week-end hosts to guest students from the University of Wisconsin. They are, left to right, T. E. Bray, E. G. Buzzell, R. M. Macdonald, J. J. Phoenix, G. K. Boughton, I. B. Davies, F. C. Van Velzer.

riences with people, seeing them as they live day to day.

How about our new American friends, the Rotarian hosts and their families? Well, with no exception I have enjoyed knowing them, and other students say the same thing. [Continued on page 55]

This Month We Pause to Honor—



GEORGE M. KIRK (left) because, following several years' experience in general and industrial Y. M. C. A. work, and two years as assistant to the personnel director of the New York Stock Exchange, he was made manager of employees' service of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Pueblo; because he has given to industrial workers in Colorado mines and steel works of the Rockefeller interests the benefit of a wide knowledge and intimate understanding of human relations; because he contributes freely of his time to civic interests, at present serving as first vice-president of the Pueblo Chamber of Commerce and of the Colorado Conference of Social Workers; and because, as a Rotarian, he has rendered notable service in addressing several conventions of the Seventh District of Rotary.

WALTER M. SMITH (right below), Boston Rotarian, master of trumpet and cornet, teacher, director of the one-hundred-piece Aleppo Temple Shrine Band and of the Jenney Concert Band which broadcasts each week over a national network; because he is acclaimed as one of America's most gifted and accomplished instrumentalists; because he is preparing two fine sons, Walter M., Jr., and Stewart (left to right) for the music profession, thus giving evidence of his confidence in the future of music as a career; and because Rotarians attending the 1933 convention of Rotary International will have the opportunity of hearing one of his bands.

Photos: (above) Sarony; (below) Rice

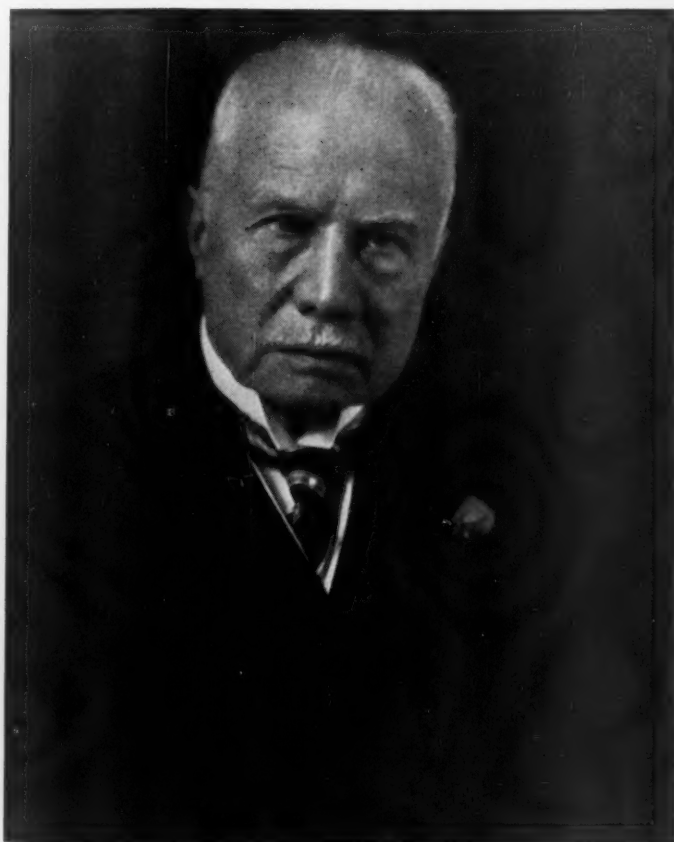


TWO SCIENTISTS, both members of the Niagara Falls Rotary Club, because, with Rotarian Frank Tone, of the same club, whose picture appeared on this page in November, 1931, they constitute a unique and distinguished trio of electro-chemists—Hector Russell Carveth (right), because of his research in metallic chromium, sodium, and other alkali metals and their allied compounds;—and Frank Austin Lidbury (lower right), because he is president and general manager of the Oldbury Electro-chemical Company; because he is a past president of the American Electro-chemical Society, and a past governor of the Twenty-Seventh District of Rotary International.

GEHEIMRAT DR. HERMANN KÜMMELL (lower left), "grand old man" of surgery in Germany; because of a long, tireless, and effective career in his profession during which he has been chief of the surgical division of several outstanding German hospitals; because of distinguished service in the World War as consulting surgeon of the Ninth Army Corps; because, at age eighty, he is the immediate past president of the Rotary Club of Hamburg.



Photo: (lower right) Nussbaumer



Headlines from the Laboratory

By Watson Davis

Managing Editor, Science Service

Dearer Than Diamonds

THE world's most costly substance is not gold, platinum or diamond, but radium. If you want to imply that something is very costly, say "it is worth its weight in radium." The price of radium, now obtained largely from wonderfully rich deposits in the Belgian Congo, corresponds to more than \$2,000,000 per troy ounce. Radium is worth more than 100,000 times its weight in gold. The second most precious article in commerce is mesothorium, a material much like radium and usually sold as a substitute for it. Its price is roughly \$1,500,000 per ounce.

Gold is a relatively inexpensive substance even when compared with some other metals. All six metals of the platinum group are more valuable than gold, weight for weight. Platinum is three times as valuable as gold, and iridium is worth nearly fifteen times its own weight in gold. Diamonds at the approximate retail price of \$400 per carat are worth \$62,500 per troy ounce, and are worth 3,000 times their weight in gold.

Synchronization

When a whirling motor is behaving badly, a chain drive is clanking noisily, or some other fast moving piece of machinery needs inspection, the engineer can use a stroboscope to view it in motion as though it were standing still. This instrument works on the principle that causes the spokes of auto wheels to seem to go backward in movies. For example, a light is flashed rapidly in such a way that the revolving machinery part is seen only when it reaches one certain place in its whirling. It therefore appears to be standing still and the engineer can inspect it or photograph it.

Professor Milton Metfessel, of the University of Southern California, has discovered that the human eye subjected to sound vibrations can be turned into a stroboscope. Tuning forks can be used by placing them against the bones of the head, or singers can learn to turn their eyes into stroboscopes by vocalizing exactly the right notes. The sound waves from a tuning fork held against the head will vibrate the eye in synchronism with the moving object, making

the eye function only at regular intervals, blinding it at other times.

One can test this out with a revolving disc. Singers can learn to use this method to test the pitch of their voices by watching a revolving phonograph disc. A low or middle C will cause the spokes of a disc turning at 80 revolutions per minute to appear motionless.

It's Wrapped in Cellophane

Cellulose is the favorite wrap for merchandise. It is the vegetable fibrous material that occurs in wood, cotton, and practically all plant material. Up until a few years ago paper and cloth were the only cellulose wrapping materials. Beautified with colored dyes, damp-proofed with paraffin, parchmented with acid, cellulose as paper serves well. It has the disadvantage of hiding the things it wraps.

A new form of cellulose sheet, most widely known by the trade name "cellophane," has usurped part of paper's function as a wrapping material. Cellophane is a chemical brother to rayon. Cellulose fibers from wood or cotton are converted by chemical process into a plastic mass that can be squirted out into threads to form rayon or sheets to form cellophane. It is truly transparent, and it has wrapped in its folds millions of cigarettes, candy bars, and other commodities. Coated with lacquer it becomes proof to moisture, grease, and oil; it keeps in odors of the product and keeps out contaminating smells. To compete with cellophane, there now comes on the market cellulose acetate films, which are to cellophane what celanese is to viscose rayon.

Try This

If you have to note the license plate number of a speeding automobile, you will remember it correctly about 94 times out of a hundred if there are only four figures on the plate. But if the automobile is wearing a seven-digit number plate, only in nine cases out of a hundred will you record it correctly. This was the experience of tests at Lehigh University conducted by Dr. James L. Graham. With five-figure numbers on plates, a third of the tags would go uncaught. Colors make a difference, too. When lighted only by the tail light, blue on orange background is about thirty per cent better than the same colors reversed.

Norway—Land of Fjords

Where Sons of Vikings Dwell

FOR more than a thousand years, Norwegians have been sea-faring folk. Today the chief occupations are in farming, lumbering, mining, electro-metallurgy, electro-chemistry, fishing, and related industries.

The people are homogeneous, more than ninety per cent being of pure Norse ancestry. Almost every Norwegian can read and write. Since the dissolution in 1905 of Norway's union with Sweden, which had existed for almost a century, the kingdom has progressed under the peaceful reign of King Haakon VII and Queen Maud.

The growth of Rotary in Norway has been steady and healthy. The first charter was granted to Oslo in 1922; clubs were established in Stavanger and Bergen in 1924. Since then the movement has spread to the following cities: Trondhjem, Skien, Aalesund, Kristianssand, Tönsberg, and Fredrikstad. These nine clubs comprise District Sixty-seven, of which the present governor is Reidar Brekke. Membership is approximately 400.

One of the most notable of the many waterfalls in Norway is the Skjeggedalssjoss at Hardanger.

Thousands of fjords beautify the jagged coastline of this enchanted land of the midnight sun. Below is Romsdalsfjord near Veblungsnes.



Photos:
(above)
Norwegian
Railways;
(left)
Wilse, Oslo.





The fishing industry at the Lofoten Islands (above) within the Arctic circle employs thousands from all parts of Norway every spring. The very name Narøfjord (below) is descriptive of this deep, silent arm of the sea.



Small reindeer provide means of transportation in the bleak expanses of the North. Below, a "perfect" ski jump at Holmenkollen near Oslo.



Photos: (left, and two center) Norwegian Railways; (all others) Wilse, Oslo.



The costumes of these peasants of the Setesdal Valley reflect the conservatism and the strongly individual national character of rural Norwegians who make up one-third of the population.



A stronghold for Rotary in Norway is the charming old city of Bergen (above) on the Byfjord, population about 100,000, of whom fifty-two are Rotarians.

Skiing is not only a sport but is also the one means of locomotion during the winter months in many parts of the country; practically every Norwegian is a ski runner. The Romsdalshorn provides a background for the two below.



The Lapps of Norway live chiefly in the district of Finmark; they comprise about one per cent of the population. The Lapp woman above rocks her babe in a "comse" cradle.



The conical-shaped hat and loose-fitting white coat is the typical dress of the professional mourner; while the dancing girl (center) is easily identified by her vari-colored parasol. At right—an 82-year-old street merchant encountered on the streets of Keijo.

Where Change Meets Change

By Lillian Dow Davidson

THE warmth that wells up in one's heart at some little act of kindness is perhaps magnified a thousandfold when one is on the other side of the world, far from home and kin. To be heartily welcomed on the train many miles from Seoul, Korea, by a Korean Rotarian, did indeed gladden our hearts. This charming man had carefully planned a business trip to coincide with our arrival.

During the several hours we were together, we naturally plied him with questions about the Rotary club and about present-day conditions in his land. He was the son of a former Korean minister to Washington and had spent such a long time in the States that upon his return to his native country, his own language was more foreign to him than English. He found it necessary again to familiarize himself with the language. However, the Koreans being accomplished linguists, it probably did not take him long. Now, he is editor of a flourishing

A fascinating picture of Korea (Chosen), "land of the morning calm," rich in timber and minerals and noted for its scenic beauty.

newspaper in Seoul (Keijo), printed in three languages—Korean, Japanese, and English.

In the written language both Korea and Japan have adopted the Chinese calligraphy. In fact up to 1895, royal examinations were set in Korea in the Chinese classics, a prerequisite for official position. That year, these examinations were abolished and thereafter to these Chinese ideographs, the Koreans added their own native script called En-mun.

In the spoken language, neither Japan nor Korea depend upon inflexion as the Chinese do, and although the Korean and Japanese languages are somewhat similar in the arrangement of words in a sentence, they are dissimilar enough in pronunciation to have always required interpreters when con-

versing one with another. In fact, the language is only one of the dissimilarities among the peoples of the Far East that have tended to keep them apart and likewise have made the development of unity in China more difficult. The Chinese are encumbered by eight distinct languages and almost countless dialects.

IN writing on Korea, one has the feeling of adding still further to the confusion that seems to exist throughout the Western world in its efforts to understand Eastern problems. Many people who have not visited the Orient regard the Koreans, Chinese, Mongols, and Japanese in a general way as one people and believe the antagonisms that occasionally make their appearance are merely quarrels that have risen between members of the same family.

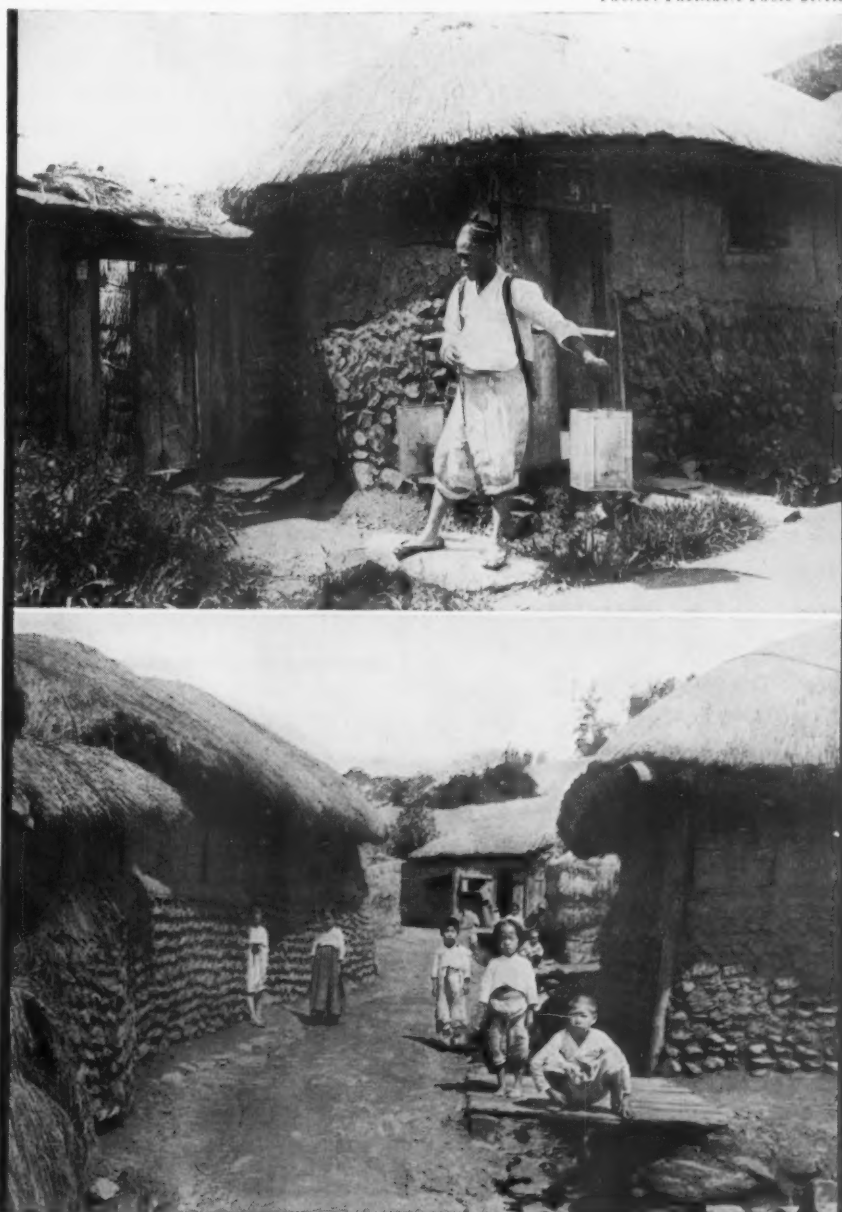
They regard all these groups as Mongolians, find them alike in appearance at least when in European dress, and fail to understand just why there should be any difference of opinion among them, aside from such that ordinarily arise among trade rivalry, etc. The truth is, however, that while there is more or less similarity not only in appearance but in character between the Chinese, Mongols, Manchurians, and Koreans, all of whom are correctly listed as Mongolians, the Japanese are quite distinct. In fact, except in appearance in certain types, there is scarcely any similarity in any respect between the Japanese and the others. The Koreans and Mongolians for instance, are the most conservative of all the racial groups whereas

the Japanese occupy quite the reverse position.

When we consider that the Japanese and Koreans have always been adjacent countries, separated only by a narrow strait of 130 miles, it is rather odd that each has been influenced so little by the other. Thus Korea with her extreme conservatism made no advance. Japan with its desire to adapt from others, where there was something to be learned, advanced rapidly.

The only explanation for this is that the Japanese are really a different people from the others. While there is a Mongolian strain in the Japanese, more or less strong in different parts, it was the blood introduced from the south, believed to be Malay, which when blended with the Mongolian produced a type very different from the true Mongolian.

Photos: Publishers Photo Service



This water-carrier interrupted his early morning deliveries long enough to have his picture taken; while in another village the younger generation assembles to gaze in wonder at the "foreigner."

This is very evident not only in the character of the Japanese but in the physique of the two peoples as well. Statistics show that the Chinese and Koreans average a good two inches taller than the Japanese. This has sometimes been accounted for by the squatting position taken by so many Japanese both in business and at home, but statistics show that those who are in occupations which keep them standing are equally small in stature. The

Malays are small in height and this strain in the Japanese may be responsible for it.

The world will better understand the problems of the East if it will recognize the great distinction which exists between the Japanese and their Mongolian neighbors. While to the tourist the Japanese and Korean physiognomy may seem the same, the similarity ends there.

KOREA, since its absorption by the Japanese in 1910, is officially called "Chosen," a harking back to the birth-name said to have been bestowed upon it by the founder and first king, the Chinese sage, Ki-tze, a somewhat legendary character. It is a peninsula extending 700 miles south of Manchuria, 130 miles in width, containing 85,000 square miles which is about one-third the size of Japan. Of the 20 million people who occupy it, 488,000 are Japanese, 52,000 Chinese, and about 1,000 foreigners. The Japanese represent the immigration of the last 22 years.

The peninsula is very mountainous especially in the north and has some remarkably beautiful scenery. The north is rather sparsely populated and the winter climate there is rigorous with considerable snowfall. There are few real plains. These are largely in the warmer south where agriculture engages 80 per cent of the population. The Diamond Mountains are in the central portion in the vicinity of Keijo (Seoul), the capital. Although they are rich in timber and minerals (gold, copper, iron, coal, and graphite), they contain no diamonds. Eastern nomenclature whets the imagination and, unaided by other attractions, would lure the traveller across oceans and continents. Such is the enticing charm of such names as Himalaya (the Abode of Snow), Darjeeling (place of the thunderbolt), the Golden Horn, the Sweet Waters of Asia, etc. In our materialistic country we are all too prone to fasten upon our lovely [Continued on page 48]



Photo: Underwood and Underwood

To His Excellency, Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito, present Japanese premier, belongs credit for the great progress made in Korea in recent years. While governor-general of Korea (1919-26 and 1930-31) he manifested an active interest in Rotary, called together the initial group, and was responsible for the organization of the Rotary Club of Keijo (Seoul), and upon its inauguration was made an honorary member.

Below—The Government House at Keijo, one of a group of impressive public buildings constructed by the Japanese at the capital.



A Rotary Source of Strength

By **Frederick R. Burley**

Chairman, Club Service Committee, Rotary International

NOBODY who has met Ray Knoeppel, of the New York Rotary Club, and knows his excellent qualities and dynamic personality, will feel disposed to deny that he is a very sincere, thorough-going Rotarian whose views should command attention and respect, if not assent. Accordingly, his article in the June *ROTARIAN* undoubtedly was widely read and discussed.

In effect, Rotarian Ray complains that the Aims and Objects Plan has sterilized individual effort among members which, he asserts, threatens the Rotary movement with extinction through inanition. In particular, he says this:

The Aims and Objects Plan is authoritatively final in its statements of aspiration. Clubs adopt it and lull themselves into the belief that the objectives have been accomplished. Here we have a complete reversal of the old order in Rotary. Rotarians and Rotary clubs are no longer building in the old way. They are now called upon to deduce their Rotary ideals and proposed activities from the Aims and Objects Plan and in most cases there has been a resultant stifling of initiative on the part of Rotary clubs and Rotarians. . . . Prior to the Aims and Objects Plan, Rotary was a constant evolution of a few simple ideas. Since the adoption of the plan, the evolution seems to have ceased. Has not the time come for a simple statement of the objects of Rotary which will be a complete picture of the goal?

This truly astonishing statement almost took my breath away, and I had to rub my eyes to discover whether I was awake, or under the influence of dream-thoughts which, according to some modern psychologists, are but caricatures of reality. Where, may I ask, is the Aims and Objects Plan "authoritatively final" in its statements of aspiration? Indeed, where in the Aims and Objects Plan are there any "statements of aspiration?"

I have just re-read with particular care and attention Pamphlet No. 3 ("The Aims and Objects Plan"), issued by Rotary International, and, on the very first page of the text I find the explicit statement that the "definite program" of Rotary is set forth in its Six Objects. That always and invariably has been the case, and I do not hesitate to say that, insofar as Rotary has ever formulated *ultimate*

Being in the nature of a reply to Raymond J. Knoeppel's "Has Rotary a Future?" which was published in *THE ROTARIAN* for June, 1932

aspirations, they have never, either in its official resolutions or in its now bulky literature, been expressed "authoritatively" or "finally" otherwise than in the said Six Objects. Ray asks whether the time has not come "for a simple statement of the objects of Rotary?" What more simple, direct and unambiguous statement can he possibly require than that already embodied in the Six Objects?

Lest there should be other Rotarians who are also making the common mistake of confusing means with ends, it cannot be too clearly stated that the Aims and Objects Plan is exclusively concerned with defining the machinery through which, in the estimation of Rotary, effect can be most effectively given to its Six Objects through club activities. But, even here, the terms of Pamphlet No. 3 are far from being dogmatic or final, since (as may be gathered from page 5) latitude is left to each club not only to determine how many committees it shall set up, but also to decide how these committees shall be constituted.

THUS, we read: "The number of these committees will depend largely upon the numerical strength and the requirements of the club. . . Any club is at liberty to increase or decrease these committees should it be considered advisable. The number of committees must be determined by the clubs in keeping with their respective needs." In fact, the purposes of the Aims and Objects Plan seem to be two: first, to provide a more elastic than rigid framework within which procedure shall be uniform throughout Rotary; and, second, to insure that this machinery shall embrace within its scope *ALL* the Six Objects of Rotary.

Ray Knoeppel says that "Rotary's primary object is not to fix men's standards." To a certain extent, I think, it is a primary function of Rotary to fix our standards, or, at any rate, to make them conscious, articulate, and [Continued on page 46]

The ROTARIAN

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Editorial Comment

Rotary's Way

TIME, which has its own way of testing men and their ideas, seems to be vindicating the judgment of the St. Louis convention of Rotary International at which Resolution Thirty-four was adopted. This clearly differentiated between the two types of service a Rotarian may render to a worthy cause. One kind is that done by a Rotarian who, without any designation as a Rotarian but merely as an individual, supports the enterprise; the other comes when Rotarians participate as a club, acting in the absence of another organization qualified for leadership. Each type of service is in full accord with Rotary principles.

An apt illustration of how club members may individually help support a community project comes from Cedar City, a southern Utah town of 4,000. It was the day after Christmas that its only bank closed. Loans to sheep and cattle men had "frozen" and to liquidate by forced selling would have been ruinous to the community's basic industry. The chamber of commerce, with its membership strongly buttressed by men from the town's two service clubs, immediately set about strengthening civic morale. Something of the spirit was reflected in the local Rotary publication which said, in part:

Rotary gave birth to the standard of "Service above self." Men of Rotary, we are faced with a challenge as to how seriously we are committed to that standard. The closing of the Bank of Southern Utah is not a private but a community affair. . . . Cedar City has met crises before. . . . We can meet this crisis successfully if we are willing.

Agreed, it was time not for "grandstanding" but for action. Cooperation from the state-banking commission and four months of hard work—and self-sacrifice on the part of many individuals—put the bank in condition for re-opening. Thus one fine May morning saw a long line of depositors at the door

of the bank. Within an hour they had deposited \$10,000. At the end of the day the receipts were \$33,000; only \$9,000 had been withdrawn. And a community problem had been met as a community problem should be—as a project in which all, including service clubs, had shouldered individual responsibility in behalf of a common cause.

Such instances of service could, from data on file at the Chicago secretariat, be multiplied almost without limit. They show a general understanding of the truth that Rotary clubs should be more than crippled children's organizations, more than garden clubs, more than just the donors of turkeys at Christmas time. The history of social, civic, and fraternal groups is strewn with the wrecks of organizations that ran into the ditch of crusades-for-specific-causes. Rotary has with fore-sighted wisdom consistently avoided this error, at the same time making undeniably effective contributions to movements which have richly benefited individuals, communities, and nations.

Why Tear Hair

IT WAS a visitor from Cuba who, after listening with considerable patience to a New York business man talk, declared, "You should come to Cuba. Our sugar men have had a depression for fifteen years—and are getting used to it!" Allowing for some facetiousness, there is consequential wisdom in his remark. Many business men of the United States had for so many years been accustomed to prosperity that when reverse tides began to flow, roseate optimism suddenly turned indigo.

There is no denying, of course, that business, like the fabled grey mare, ain't what it used to be. But, asks an editorial writer in *Collier's*, what of that? He points out that in America the mutual savings

bank deposits are \$1,233,000,000 higher than they were at the peak of the 1929 boom. That bank savings figures exceed \$29,000,000,000, equal to more than \$1,000 for every family in the land. That savings depositors number 52,000,000—nearly two per family. That in 1931 \$16,500,000,000 worth of new life insurance was written, bringing the total up to \$109,000,000,000, almost \$1,000 for every man, woman and child in the United States.

"Never in the past," he concludes, "was America so well equipped as it is today to resume an epochal forward march." Certainly, with no disparagement to any other nation on earth, citizenry of the United States may properly take humble pride in its managerial ability, its store of wealth, and its mountainous natural resources, and—not forgetting lessons of experience—go ahead with blue-prints for a steadily to be realized prosperity.

A Means to an End

IN HIS article last June, Raymond Knoepfel, in his own challenging way, raised a number of questions regarding the value of the Aims and Objects plan, which Fred Burley, chairman of the Club Service Committee, deals with in a convincing manner elsewhere in this number. While recognizing the original need of the Plan and approving its purpose, Rotarian Knoepfel expressed misgivings that it had become an end rather than a means.

Perhaps the insistence, of late, that governors should satisfy themselves that the Plan is being followed, and confused thinking on the part of some club officials who treat it as a fetish, are responsible for this apprehension.

Yet could anything be simpler? The *program* of Rotary is set out in its Six Objects; its *methods* in the Aims and Objects Plan. The first is complete, comprehensive, final; the last is flexible and adaptable. One states what we want to do; the other the best way to do it. The Aims and Objects Plan is nothing more than an attempt to chart a logical, orderly, and practical course within Rotary in keeping with the objectives expressed in the Six Objects. The Plan imposes no cast-iron rules; it suggests only tested and coördinated methods. It leaves to the individual club discretion in applying the Plan.

A small club, for instance, will find that it must adapt its machinery to meet numerical and other limitations. But if any club wants to set up a year's program to develop all-round Rotarians, it must adopt some practical method, if not the Aims and Objects, then a plan that will provide an opportu-

nity for coördinated, continuous, enthusiastic effort. Most clubs, we believe, find that the Aims and Objects Plan does not stifle initiative as has been suggested; rather it stimulates it and makes it vocal.

Rotarian Knoepfel carries the judgment, we believe, of most of us in the suggestion that as Rotary becomes universal, it must have regard to the fact that its aims and its practices will find different expression in the varied lands in which it operates. It will naturally take on the cultural and other characteristics of these different peoples. And more and more, its philosophy will be stated in simpler and simpler terms, and its mechanics become increasingly flexible to meet that situation.

Comradeship and service—these are the cornerstones of Rotary. They find warm reactions among men of all races; they find equal expression and welcome in every language; their appeal is universal. They epitomize both what Rotary wants to do, and the best way to do it.

And that is really all that Rotary is trying to say in its Six Objects, and all that it is endeavoring to do in its Aims and Objects Plan.

The Waupun Method

THE Rotary club at Waupun, Wisconsin, has fewer than thirty members, yet in their alert minds has originated a simple little idea which, like the proverbial Wisconsin acorn growing into a typical Wisconsin oak, promises to develop into a project that may affect intimately the lives of hundreds of young men and women who go from one land to another to study.

Waupun Rotarians did not abstractly think of international service, sigh for a trip around the world—and then turn to the ice cream and cake course. Rather, they looked about them to see just how Rotary's Sixth Object might be applied within their own community, their district, their state. The result is that many "foreign" students at the University of Wisconsin have for the first time been enabled really to see American homes from the inside and to commingle with families around the hearth.

A young graduate student in economics from Poland tells on other pages of this issue, how the Waupun plan actually works out, what the guest students think of it and, now, of *Rotary*. Between the lines of his story is an appeal for every Rotary club in a college town or city to investigate its opportunities for carrying on a project comparable to the one inaugurated by Rotarians at Waupun.

The Super Turkey

By Arthur L. Lippmann

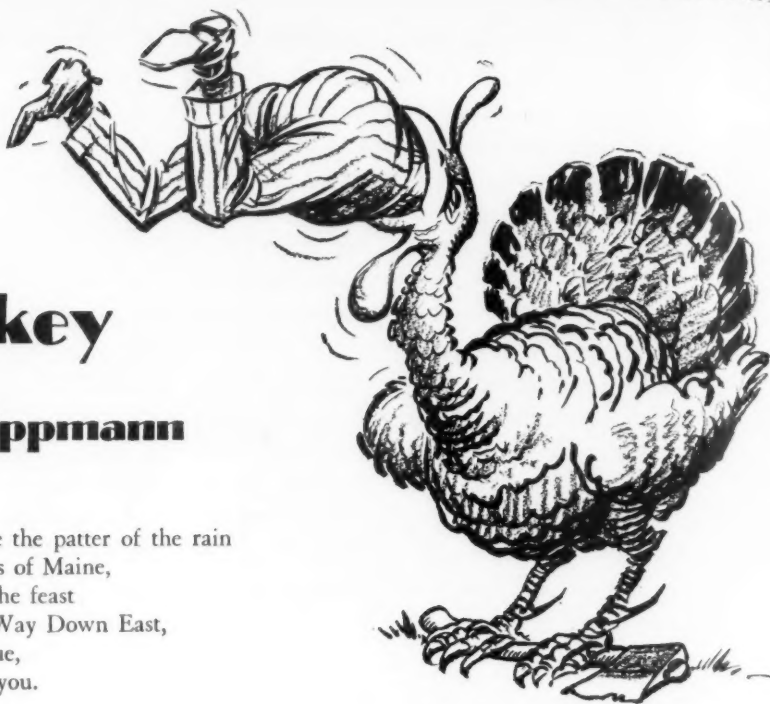
IN DISMAL days when anglers curse the patter of the rain
They tell a wondrous story by the little lakes of Maine,
A story of the turkey that was fattened for the feast
And how he turned the tables in a hamlet Way Down East,
A story so incredible few persons think it true,
But whether real or fictional is solely up to you.

THE Wellington H. Hendersons, whose tale will now be heard,
Spent months of preparation in the fattening of their bird,
Their sacrificial turkey that they frankly planned to slay
For roasting and for stuffing on the morn of Christmas Day.
They gave the greedy gobbler all the victuals he could stand,
They brought him tempting tidbits which were fed to him by hand.
But turkey, never dreaming of the ruthlessness of fate,
Complacently kept eating and kept adding to his weight.
October found the turkey weighing twenty pounds or more.
November first his poundage reached one hundred sixty-four.
December first they weighed him and before their eyes could see
The gobbler hit a total of two hundred fifty-three!

BUT still they kept on feeding him with quantities increased
And planned to ask the county to the jolly Yuletide feast.
They brought him food in barrels and in buckets and in pails.
They sent to New York City for a giant pair of scales.
They put him in the stables and on certain days each week
Collected half a dollar for inspection of the freak!

AND then came Christmas morning and the air was brisk as wine,
And Mister Turkey Gobbler weighed five hundred forty-nine
When Henderson came walking with his hatchet to prepare
The monumental gobbler for the Christmas bill of fare.
But as he seized the turkey for the chopping of his head
The aggravated gobbler didn't fancy being dead
And swallowed Mister Wellington H. Henderson instead!
He ate him with a relish at a greedy gourmand's pace,
He never paused a second for a pious word of grace.
He gobbled Mister Henderson from footwear clear to hat,
A single epic instance of the well-known tit for tat!
And when the meal was over, with contentment in his eye,
He raised his wings and fluttered through the gray December sky.
He headed to the Northward like an aeroplane in flight—
And then and there he disappeared from everybody's sight!

SOME dub this tale preposterous and others dub it true—
But whether real or fictional is solely up to you!



Our Readers' Open Forum

Brief letters are invited commenting upon ROTARIAN articles. Because of limitations of space, the right is reserved to publish letters in part only.

"Rotary's Forgotten Man"

To the Editor:

A certain Rotarian (name and club omitted upon request) while reading in the November ROTARIAN the editorial entitled "Rotary's Forgotten Man" conceived an idea which he immediately passed on to his president who promptly gave his approval to organize a secret committee of seven men, the membership of which will be known only to the president and of course to each other.

This committee named themselves "The Observers" with a motto: "Let's Hold What We Have."

Duties—one, at each meeting look around and see if you can locate a Rotarian who does not seem to enjoy the meal, the fellowship, or the program, one or all three. Two, make it a point to get to him when the meeting adjourns and shake his hand, slap him on the back, and have a word with him. Three, write his name on a slip of paper and hand or send it to the secretary of the "Observers" who will properly record same and pass the name on to the other six members with instructions for the following week.

The "Observers" will work independently of the fellowship, attendance, or any other committee. They are to use tact and diplomacy and ever remember their motto: "Let's Hold What We Have."

This particular group of "Observers" are highly enthusiastic in their new line of endeavor and feel that the possibilities of a committee of this kind are unlimited and while it is a secret committee and necessarily must withhold the name of the club in which it is operating, they felt as if the idea should be outlined as above and used in THE ROTARIAN for the benefit of other clubs that might be willing to try the plan and profit thereby.

"OBSERVER"

"Height of Extravagance"

To the Editor:

Ithaca is to be congratulated and should feel justly proud of the good sense exercised by both its people and its administrator in handling its school system. ("A New School—and a Tax Cut!" in the November ROTARIAN.) Dr. Boynton was a wise and highly efficient superintendent and administrator, and he set a splendid example of this in the matter of building a reserve fund against a time like this. He was equally fortunate in having a city that would follow his plan.

There are literally hundreds of public-school administrators in the United States who would like to do exactly as the doctor did but whose communities would consider it the height of extravagance to have a surplus accumulated in the school treasury. Even our national government with the wisdom of its president and of the greatest financiers of the nation, like Mellon and Mills, were greatly perturbed over a surplus in the national treasury a few years ago; so much so that they cut income taxes and returned income funds because the country would be ruined if they carried a surplus in the national treasury.

Besides this there is a sad tale connected

with the actions of state legislatures in recent years in enacting budgeting laws that make it impossible for a wise superintendent and a wise school board and a wise community to accumulate any surplus whatsoever.

For the above reasons I am glad indeed to have access to Dr. Moore's article and your editorial.

R. J. CUNNINGHAM

Secretary, Montana Education

Journal of Montana Education Association
Helena, Montana

"Getting Better"

To the Editor:

THE ROTARIAN is getting better all the time, and I wish to congratulate the force behind the guns.

ED NUNNALLY

Secretary, Rotary Club

San Angelo, Texas

"Largely Ignored"

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for the article "He Simply Had to Dance," appearing in your November issue.

Such instances must come to the attention of about everyone. Nowadays, I suppose a large number of people give the problem thoughtful consideration, but I sometimes feel as if it were largely ignored.

Of charity, there seems to be a gratifying amount; of earnestness, thoughtful attempt to correct the situation which makes the charity necessary, there seems to be comparatively little.

ROLAND T. PATTEN

Editor, Star-Herald

Presque Isle, Maine

"Best Issue"

To the Editor:

I just want to congratulate you upon the recent November issue of THE ROTARIAN. It is the best issue I have ever read. Glad to see that one thing at least is progressing forward.

JACK METCALF

Winchester, Kentucky

Business Quips

To the Editor:

Holding the classification of "Commercial Banking," and thinking that I could do a Community Service by obtaining from our members their views on Business Conditions, I did so and enclose a report on the result of my inquiry. This may be of interest to you.

W. E. SINCLAIR

Acting President, Rotary Club

Port Arthur, Ont., Canada.

ROTARY REPORT ON TRADE CONDITIONS

Transportation, Ask all members to express themselves.

Expresspress themselves.

Commercial Banking. We discount everything generously.

Lumber Retailing.We are just lumbering along.

Business CollegesIt is hard, working short-handed.

Automobile Retailing. It's all free wheeling now.

Book Paper ManufacturingOur loss is on paper.

Painting and DecoratingNo sign of Better Times. Anyone getting by these days should be decorated.

Drugs RetailingIt's a tough pill to swallow.

ShipbuildingThe ship has to come in some day.

Musical Instruments—RetailWe're breaking no records.

Theatre—Moving PicturesOur business is a perfect picture every day.

Shoes—RetailingI find people walking on their heels to save their "soles."

Telegraph & Cable ServiceIt comes in flashes.

JudgeFine!

BrewingI find trouble brewing.

Real Estate Agency.My business is real estate.

Books and Stationery.Dull, in fact, very stationary.

NewsprintBusiness gone to pulp.

PlumbingNot overflush.

Electrical SuppliesI'm ever ready to switch my business.

Men's Clothing—RetailConditions make me pant—my stock has been "overlaid."

Agricultural EducationI tell the farmers they reap what they sow.

Coal RetailI make it hot for my customers.

Hardware RetailWe hammer along without putting the screws on our clients.

Passenger TransportationWe advise people to travel and forget.

Transportation FreightWhether Lake or Rail, or L. C. L. our transport business is shot to H---.

Estates AgencyWe own large estates but don't just know where they are.

Dry GoodsNotwithstanding the wet advocates, we are still selling our dry goods.

AviationUp and Down.

Monument MakerRounding the Corner.

StatuaryOur business curves show an improvement.

FloristIt's all rosy with me.

LaundryPerfectly clean.

Ice ManNot so hot.

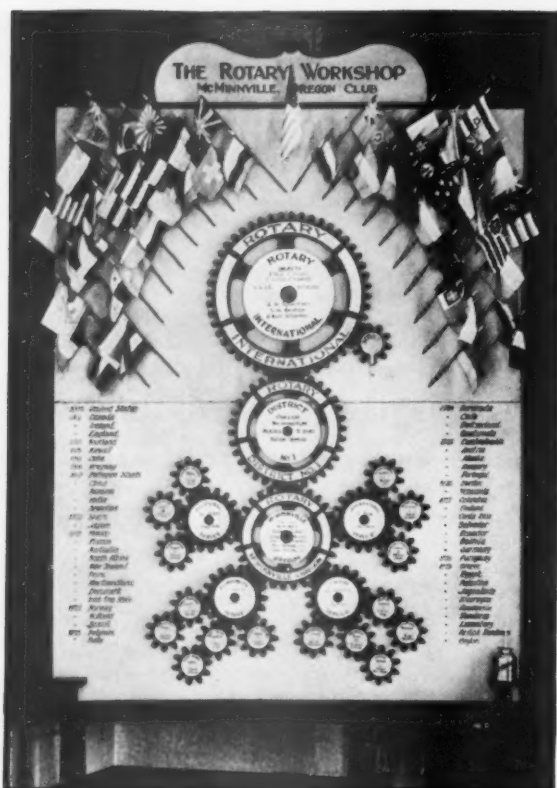
ReligionWorking to beat the devil.

"Destitute"

To the Editor:

I read with interest the article by my old teacher, Billy Phelps. He states noteworthy truths in characteristic fashion. I am glad to see THE ROTARIAN beginning to appeal for that tolerance of which we and Russia are so destitute.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Editor, The Nation



The "Mechanics of Rotary" at a glance! This ingenious display, worked up by the McMinnville (Oregon) Rotary Club, demonstrates how the great cogwheel, "Rotary International" with its Six Objects, meshes with district cogwheel, which in turn interlocks with that of the local club and its various committees. Perhaps most important of all is the oil can, discernible in the lower right hand corner. It is labeled, "Fellowship." ... The exhibit was first shown at the Chicago convention. It has since been displayed at several district conferences.

Rotary Hourglass

Informal items of great and small moment—chiefly about personalities and happenings of Rotary interest.

SOMETHING to Talk About. Membership in Rotary International shows a small but definite net gain for October in the United States. District governors, generally, report a growing appreciation of what Rotary can mean to communities and to individuals.

4-H'ers, Attention. The International Live Stock Exposition, mecca of all 4-H club-minded Rotarians and their proteges, will be held in Chicago, November 26 to December 3. One thousand 4-H'ers, from 43 states, will attend.

Governor Smick Passes On. On Armistice night, Caleb W. Smick, governor of the Eighth District of Rotary International, passed away at Oberlin, Kan., where he was superintendent of schools. His was a fine personality, and all Rotary sympathizes with Mrs. Smick and the Oberlin community.

What is Rotary? Probably no one can answer that question with a pat definition, but members of the Chicago secretariat are trying to. In fact, they've started a contest among themselves. A statement is wanted that is simple—"Something to tell the man on the street who asks you, 'What is this Rotary you are always talking about?'" Winners will be announced the last working day before Christmas.

O'coatless. Down in the Harlingen (Texas) country overcoats are museum pieces. When John A. Crockett wanted to attend the Vienna convention he borrowed one from his brother "up north"—about 350 miles—at Houston. Called to Chicago recently for a meeting of the Club Service Committee, he did likewise.

It was the same coat. Winter mantles don't wear out very fast at Houston either, it seems.

Economics-in-the-Air. North American Rotarians who are interested in such timely problems as war debts, unemployment relief, taxation, administrative economy, agricultural relief, and the tariff, might do well to tune in on the NBC hookups from 8:30 to 9:00 p. m., (Eastern Standard Time) Saturdays. Interviews and roundtable discussions are being given by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education in cooperation with the Brookings Institution.

Where Rotarians Live. A recent analysis of club membership in population figures shows that a little more than forty-seven per cent of the Rotarians in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda are in towns with a population of less than 25,000. In the rest of the world less than one-tenth of the Rotarians are in towns of that size and nearly seventy per cent of them live in cities of over 100,000 population.

In Chicago: To Rotary what the famous "Glass Room" is to the League of Nations, or the halls and foyers are to the United States Senate, is its "Board Room." It is not large, this oblong room at 211 West Wacker. From its walls smile, look serious, approve, sometimes disapprove, the portraits of Rotary's past presidents. Chairs slide noiselessly over its blue carpet. And from the street, eight floors below, comes the murmur of traffic, punctuated infrequently by the clang of impatient street cars, the strident hooonh-hoonh of fussy tug-boats,

the bellow of freighters in the Chicago river. Here gather Rotary's committeemen, stack their brief cases and folders on the long T-shaped table, and hour after hour, early and late, give to Rotary the benefit of judgement gleaned from long experience, in the untangling of problems that the movement has encountered as it pioneers the service-club idea literally around the globe.

Here, during November, came:

The North American Economic Advisory Committee: Chairman Walter D. Head, Montclair, N. J., school man; Carroll W. Doten, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ont., Canada, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist; Charles W. Pugsley, president of South Dakota State College; and James Shelby Thomas, Birmingham, Ala., business economist.

And the Aims and Objects Committee: Chairman John Nelson, public relations director for the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, Montreal; Frederick R. Burley, corset manufacturer, Sydney, Australia; Ignatius Bjorlee, superintendent of The School for the Deaf, Frederick, Md.; William de Cock Buning, colonial economist, The Hague, Netherlands; Charles L. Wheeler, vice-president and general manager of the McCormick Steamship Co., San Francisco.

And the Club Service Committee (for a conference): Chairman Frederick R. Burley; John A. Crockett, eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, of Harlingen, Texas; (Absent: Roberto Venturi Ginori, classification—silk weaving, of Florence, Italy.)

The Committee to Draft Enactments Arising out of Resolution No. 25 of the Seattle Convention: Chairman Crawford C. McCullough and three attorneys—Ray Knoeppel, New York City; Will R. Manier, Nashville, Tenn.; Abit Nix, Athens, Georgia; and William de Cock Buning. (Absent: Canon William Thompson Elliott, of Leeds, England.)

Rotary Foundation Promotion Committee: Prentiss M. Terry, government service, Louisville, Ky.; Roy Loudon, conveyor manufacturing, Fairfield, Ia.; Joseph B. Mills, publicity director for the J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; George C. Hager, public utility executive, Chicago; John Nelson, of Montreal.

The Constitution and By-Laws Committee: Chairman Abit Nix, of Athens, Ga.; C. J. Burchell, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada; J. Raymond Tiffany, Hoboken, N. J.—attorneys all.

No Wabbling Here. The now-classic charge that the "Rotary wheel is wabbling," is once again refuted, this time by statistics on the 2,500 North American clubs reporting in the attendance contest for September. Nine hundred and nine had an average of 90 per cent or better for the month. The highest district average for September was 94.83 per cent (Twelfth District), and the lowest was 79.33 per cent. The general average for 52 districts was 85.15 per cent which is very close to the figure 85.39 per cent for this same month last year.

Mmm! Echoes of echoes of fishing tales from Victoria, B. C., Canada, where was held the 1932 assembly of Rotary International, continue to echo. Comes to the desk a copy of the *Colonist* (we suspect Percy Watson!) bearing a soberly-told story of a halibut caught thereabouts, said halibut weighing 160 pounds. Oh, well. Now nobody has a chance.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

Rotary Around the World

These pages set forth in brief some of the activities, both serious and light, of Rotary's widely-scattered clubs. Contributions are welcomed.

Italy

Promotes Studies

TURIN—Six scholarships for graduate students desiring to continue their studies in other countries have been provided this year by the Rotary Club of Turin.

Colombia

Action

BARRANQUILLA—A "committee of action" for the purpose of discussing problems confronting their city and stimulating action to solve them, has been established by Barranquilla Rotarians. This committee consists of leading citizens and businessmen appointed by various civic organizations and clubs. Meetings are informal, but already significant action has resulted from the activity.

Denmark

Welcome Paul Harris

COPENHAGEN—About two hundred Danish Rotarians met in Copenhagen for a dinner in honor of Founder Paul Harris of Rotary International during his recent trip through Europe. Representatives were present from Aarhus, Holbæk, Kolding, Korsør, Maribo, Naksø, Nykøbing-P., Næstved, Odense, Randers, Roskilde, and Slagelse. At a Rotary picnic, Paul Harris was decorated with a new order of "The Rotary Picnic Spirit," founded on that day.

Japan

Family Outing

KEIJO, CHOSEN—Members of the Keijo Rotary Club with their families recently participated in an all-day outing which included a boat ride on the River Han, a treasure hunt, and a trip through the Keijo Electric Company generating plant.

Eighteen young men from fifteen European countries attended the Geneva (Switzerland) camp for sons of Rotarians last summer. One week was spent in getting acquainted, then two weeks in travel through the Alps, including visits to ten Rotary clubs. During the fourth week the boys "coördinated and consolidated" their observations and impressions in camp.

And at Graz (Austria) the sixteen youths below, also sons of Rotarians, spent their vacation—swimming and making friends, one might judge from the picture.



Spain

Honor Founder

BARCELONA—Carlos de Carandini, the founder of the Rotary Club of Barcelona, was recently honored with a special meeting of members.

Union of South Africa

Sponsor Play Center

CAPETOWN—A play center, organized and conducted by Rotary Ann Morris Alexander, has contributed to the welfare, each week, of a number of negro children. About fifty boys and girls ranging from seven to ten years, are each given a cup of milk, a biscuit and a banana; also, "comics" to read and Meccano and other games to play with.

Study Housing

QUEENSTOWN—The Rotary Club of Queenstown is promoting interest in the possibilities of town planning and of providing a means for local natives to build and finance their own houses.

Alaska

In the North

KETCHIKAN—Prince Rupert (British Columbia, Canada) Rotarians recently traveled ninety miles by water to be the guests of the Ketchikan Rotary Club.

Brazil

Gives Scholarships

SAO LUIZ—Four scholarships, to be awarded to deserving students, have recently been given by the Rotary Club of Sao Luiz to local schools.

Federated Malay States

Raja Muda Speaks

IPOH—His Highness Yang Teramat Mulia, the Raja Muda of Perak, while attending a recent Rotary meeting in Ipoh, assured the members of his interest in Rotary and that he would give his whole-hearted support to the movement.

Australia

Build for Prosperity

ROCKHAMPTON, Q.—A "back to employment" scheme*, initiated by the Rotary Club of Rockhampton, has been adopted by this community; it encourages those who can afford it to make repairs, additions, or renovations to their private or business premises, which have up to the present been deferred chiefly through timidity caused by the depression. The idea is being accepted by a good many citizens, thus relieving the unemployment situation. The Rockhampton club has also been successful in the crippled children movement and in organizing rural school clubs.

*See also the article "The Muncie Plan Works Out" in the April, 1932 ROTARIAN, which tells how a similar plan was successfully carried out in a small city in Indiana.





Photo: R. Raiton

Camp Tillicum, on the shores of beautiful Lake Nipissing in Canada, was the setting of the camp conducted this past summer by the Rotary Club of North Bay for thirty-one selected boys.

England

Hospitality

BRAINTREE AND BOCKING—A successful experiment in international service has been conducted by the Braintree and Bocking Rotary Club. An invitation was extended to a Rotary club in another country to nominate two members for a week's holiday in England at the expense of the English club. Rotarian Dr. and Mrs. Fritz Brandt and Dr. Ernst Peterson, son of a Rotarian, from Düsseldorf, Germany, were appointed, and were entertained in the homes of members during their stay.

Recitation

BRIDLINGTON—Rotarians of Bridlington have established the practice of having a member called upon to read or recite one of the objects of Rotary, following the loyal toast, at each regular meeting. This idea has also been adopted by the Hearnor Rotary Club.

Fête

WORTHING—At a summer fête, held under the auspices of the Worthing Rotary Club for the benefit of Worthing Hospital and boys' club work, more than 20,000 people paid admission. Gross receipts of £2,000 established a record for the event.

New Zealand

Intercity Golf

WANGANUI—The Rotary clubs of Hawera, New Plymouth, Palmerston North, and Wanganui have organized intercity golf competition for their members, for which Rotarian R. E. Cuthbertson of Wanganui has offered a trophy.

Stockholm was an important point on the recent European itinerary of Paul Harris, founder of Rotary International. The Rotary Club of Stockholm gave him a most enthusiastic reception. Here he is (second from left) with Rotarians Åke Nerell (left), and (left to right) President Paul Bergholm and G. H. von Koch.

Canada

Rotary Lookout

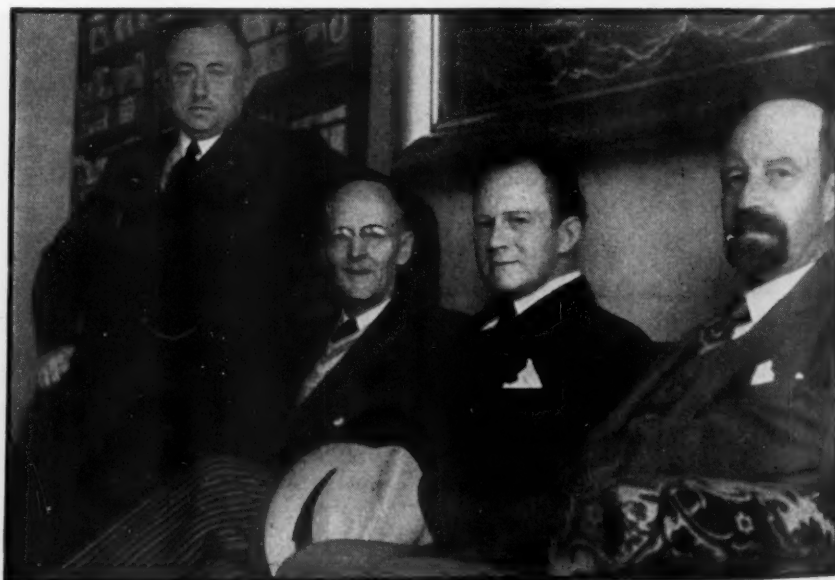
KAMLOOPS, B. C.—The Rotary Club of Kamloops has recently dedicated a lookout and shelter at one of the highest points overlooking this city, in memory of Rotarian James McIntosh. It is provided with seating, and commands a panoramic view of the confluence of the north and south Thompson rivers.

\$2,000 for Cripples

WINDSOR, ONT.—About \$2,000 has been subscribed to the crippled children's fund of the Rotary Club of Windsor. Publicity arranged with the radio station CKOK has brought in donations from many parts of Canada and the United States.

Entertain

MONTREAL, QUE.—The social service committee of the Rotary Club of Montreal is actively engaged in providing entertainment for patients of hospitals and for residents of old people's homes in and near this city.



Peru

Wards for Tubercular

CHICLAYO—The Chiclayo Rotary Club has recently opened wards in local hospitals for tubercular patients and old people, the necessary funds being provided from the unemployment fund. This club has also been instrumental in the extension and conservation of roads in the surrounding territory.

Chile

Seek Employment

TALCAHUANO—An efficient unemployment committee through which employment is solicited and local unemployed are interviewed has been created by the Rotary Club of Talcahuano.

Philippine Islands

Sugar

MANILA—At a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Manila, Rafale Alunan, secretary of agriculture and natural resources in the Philippines, presented the Philippine side of the "American Sugar Limitation" plans in an address covering the history of sugar in the Philippines and of shipments to the United States from other countries.

Mexico

For Understanding

CIUDAD JUAREZ—Because of its proximity to the United States, the Rotary Club of Ciudad Juarez has been devoting most of its efforts to obtaining an effective understanding and fellowship with its neighbors across the borders. To this end an international-intercity meeting, attended by members and their wives from the Forty-Second District, was held recently. More than 250 were present. Upon invitation of the Rotary Club of Alamogordo, New Mexico, members of the Ciudad Juarez club visited it on Columbus Day.

Better Movies

PROGRESO—In an effort to obtain better cinemas for their city, Progreso Rotarians have been publishing a series of notices in a local newspaper, suggesting that parents investigate certain films bidding for the patronage of their children.

United States of America

Clemency

LOS ANGELES—Through the intervention of the Rotarians of Los Angeles and Tia Juana, Mexico, a 16-year-old American youth, convicted of a serious crime by Mexican authorities, has been returned to Los Angeles to be held under supervision of California authorities until the expiration of his sentence. Committed for three years and seven months to the Tres Marias Island Penal Colony the boy was found to be in tubercular condition, and upon the intercession of the two clubs, the Mexican authorities decided to parole him to California.

Hospitalization

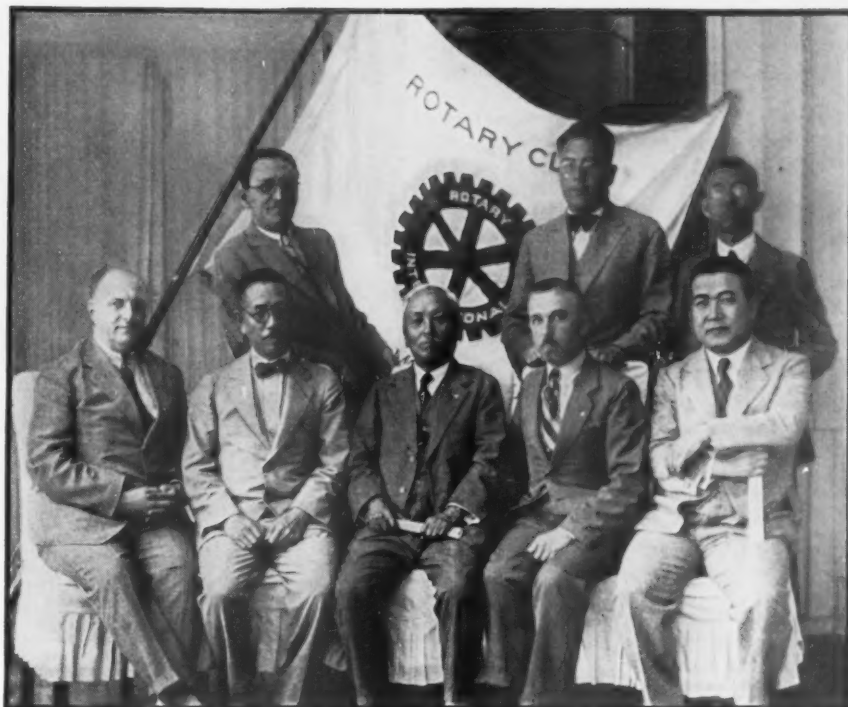
ROME, GA.—A fund of about \$400 has been created by the Rome Rotary Club to provide hospitalization for emergency or critical illnesses of children twelve years old and under.

Boost Chamber

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Plans for a "greater Phoenix" movement were revealed by officers of the local Chamber of Commerce at the recent intercity meeting of the Rotary Clubs of Tempe and Phoenix held in Phoenix. This program is to be actively supported by the two clubs. A survey has revealed that 99 of the 125 Phoenix Rotarians are members of the Chamber of Commerce, and that four of the five principal officers and eight directors of the trade group are members of Rotary. The slogan "follow the summer to Phoenix," is to be used in a wide publicity campaign for seeking the tourist winter trade.

Scouts Travel

BATON ROUGE, LA.—The boys' work committee of the Baton Rouge Rotary club, in co-operation with the Istrouma Council of Boys Scouts of America, has sponsored a tour of seventeen Eagle Scouts to Monterrey, Mexico. The Scouts were entertained by Rotary clubs at Lake Charles (La.), Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Laredo (Texas), enroute to Monterrey and were guests of the Monterrey club while in that city. On the return trip the party was entertained by Rotarians of San Antonio, Austin and Beaumont (Texas).



One of Manchuria's three Rotary clubs is at Harbin, and here are its officers and directors: standing, left to right—Messrs. Minsky, Haag, and T. Kawasumi (secretary); seated—Messrs. Oksakovsky, Gunds, T. Takata (president), Baitelin, and Onoe.

Prize Cows

LEBANON, IND.—About seven years ago, thirty calves were imported from the Isle of Guernsey to be distributed to the first members of an "Imported Calf Club," initiated and sponsored by the Rotary Club of Lebanon. Today there are several hundred boys and girls actively engaged in raising fine Guernsey calves, with about two hundred having calves good enough to enter for prizes in the annual show. One of the early members of this calf club, Eugene Buchanan, completed a world record for butter fat production with the calf that he obtained from the Rotary Calf Club, thus giving him the honor of being the first calf club boy to breed, raise, and test a world record cow of any breed. Several others have taken state and national prizes with cows descended from the original

imported calves. The herds that have been developed in the county from calf club animals have saved many farmers from financial disaster.

Duke Day

DURHAM, N. C.—Duke University Day, for several years an annual feature of the Durham Rotary Club program, was held recently.

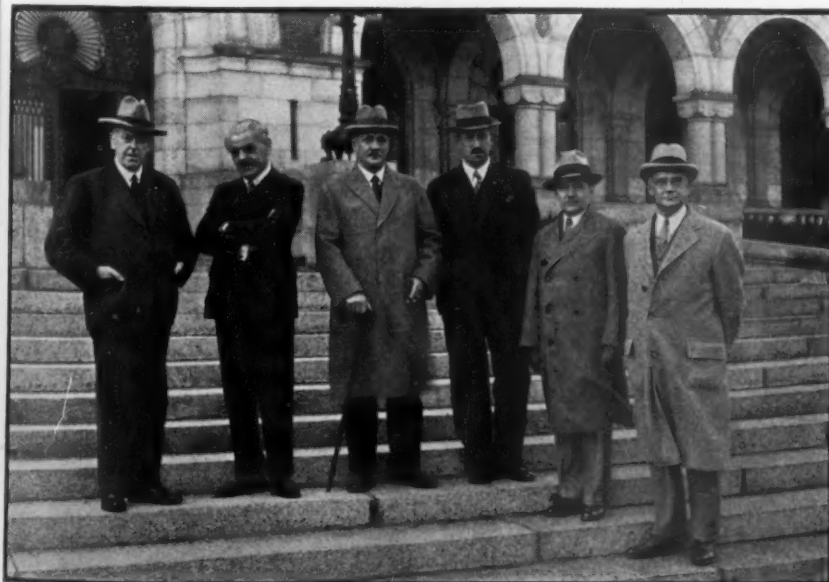
Attendance Idea

DANVILLE, PA.—A falling off in attendance at the Rotary Club of Danville was avoided during the past summer by forming two baseball teams which played a series of games in July and August. Average attendance was over 90% in July and over 88% in August. The championship game was played on Rotary Field which is maintained by the club for the boys' work and community service activities.

Invasion

WENATCHEE, WASH.—Twelve Seattle Rotarians recently flew to Wenatchee to attend a meeting of the Wenatchee Rotary Club; eighteen others went by auto. Golf matches were arranged for the afternoon.

The International Service Committee of Rotary International met in a truly international setting on October 8—at The Hague, Holland. Left to right—Dr. Herbert Schofield (England), Carlo Bos (China), William de Cock Buning, chairman (The Netherlands); Henry Laufenburger (France), Dr. Alex O. Potter, European secretary of Rotary International (Switzerland); and Walter Head (United States).



Honor Anderson

NEW MEXICO—An unusual intercity-international Rotary meeting, planned by the Rotary clubs of Artesia, Carlsbad, and Roswell (New Mexico) in honor of Clinton P. Anderson, president of Rotary International, will be held in the Carlsbad Cavern National Park, in southeastern New Mexico, 750 feet underground, on December 5. Visitors are expected from many parts of the United States, Canada, and Mexico. The caverns provide ample facilities for feeding 3,000 people in an hour. President Anderson will make an address near the "Rock of Ages" which geologists say is 60,000,000 years old.

Fellowship Idea

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—The intercity committee of the Sacramento Rotary Club has successfully undertaken a new program for stimulating fellowship relations with neighboring clubs. Letters were sent to clubs within a radius of 75 miles asking for an open date in a stipulated month; this accepted, notice was sent that the committee would appear promptly at the regular luncheon hour prepared to stage the program in its entirety—speaker, songs, song leader, pianist, and quartet or soloist. Funds derived from a raffle are turned over to the club visited for charity.

Detroit versus Cleveland

Rotarians of Detroit (Michigan) and Cleveland (Ohio) have been taking much interest in an attendance contest in which, during the month of October, Detroit's average was 80.15%, with Cleveland trailing closely with an average of 79.45%.

Service

MADISON, WIS.—During the illness of a recent member of the Madison Rotary Club who was taken to South Carolina for recuperation, his condition became so critical that two of his sons who were in school in Madison were called to his bedside. Soon after their departure word was received of the Rotarian's death. To make the shock less severe for the boys, a telegram was sent to Atlanta (Georgia) Rotarians saying the boys would arrive on a certain train. The Atlanta Rotary Club's Sunshine Committee got busy, and two Rotarians met the boys, conveyed to them the sad news, and aided in making their stay in Atlanta as pleasant as possible under the distressing circumstances.

Panning School

LIVINGSTON, MONT.—A placer mining and gold panning school for the unemployed and part-time workers of the community is one of the recent activities sponsored by the Rotary Club of Livingston, the club making all local arrangements such as furnishing the hall and caring for the publicity. The Montana State School of Mines supplied an instructor. More

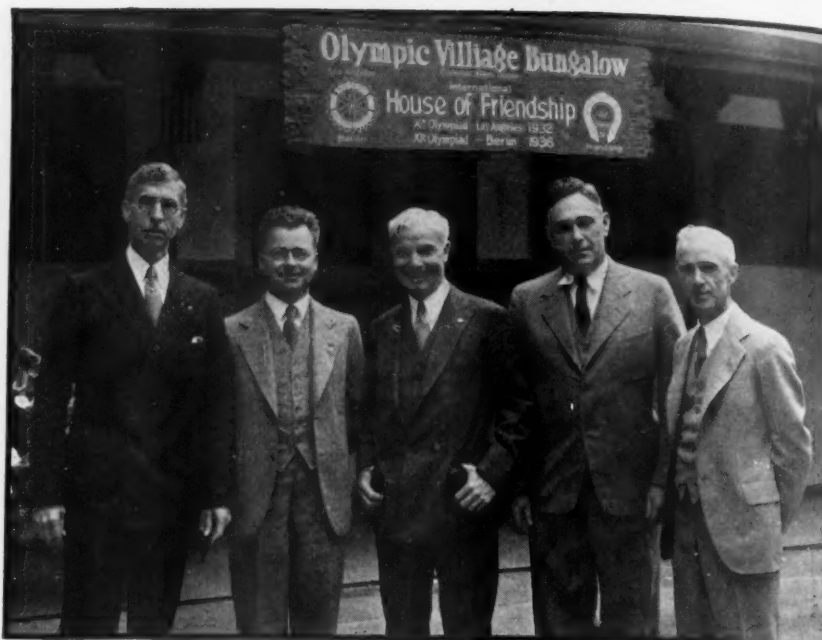


Photo: Keystone

Crombie Allen, Ontario (California) Rotarian and publisher, recently presented the above cottage, one of two preserved from the unique Olympic Village of the 1932 Olympiad, to the Los Angeles Rotary Club. It has been re-erected in the Garden of Friendship of the Breakfast Club. The other has been sent to the Berlin (Germany) Rotary Club.

Left to right: Lou Guernsey, president of the Los Angeles Rotary Club; Dr. Bruce Baxter, representing the Breakfast Club; Crombie Allen; Welles Ross, president of the Ontario Rotary Club; J. W. Shepperson, president of the Upland (California) Rotary Club.

than 350 men took the course, which was given free. Some local businessmen also took the instruction for developing a hobby or for general knowledge. After the school was closed, the instructor travelled over the county helping individuals who had already started placer and quartz mines. Modest incomes are thus made possible for quite a number.

On Toes

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS—Rotarians of Leavenworth are being assigned to the different grades of local schools in order to see to it that no child is in want. Other recent activities include a banquet for 150 boys and girls, starting a corn club for the 4-H organization, and sponsoring a tent at the Citizens' Military Training Camp.

Fine Boys' Camp

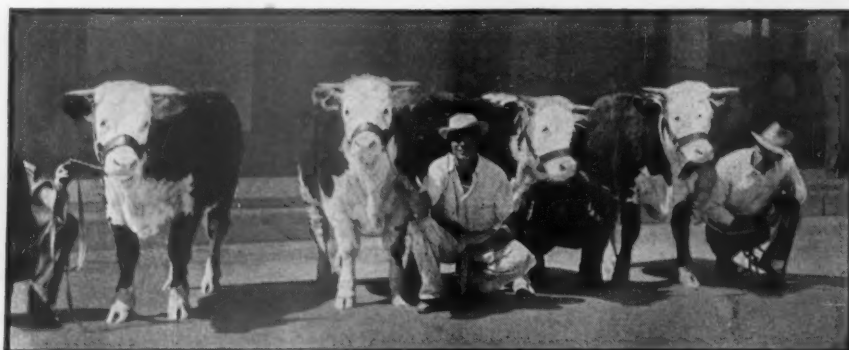
CRANFORD, N. J.—The Cranford Boys' Camp, near Hope, New Jersey, which is sponsored and promoted by local Rotarians, was filled to capacity this summer. The club is also active in sponsoring boys' week operations, and a citizenship day for boys.

Diet

PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS—The Port Arthur Rotary Club has for a period adopted the plan of substituting coffee and sandwiches for regular luncheons and contributing fifty cents per member each week to welfare agencies for the purchase of food for those in need. This club is also urging other Port Arthur clubs to adopt the same plan.

Unique

ALEXANDER, VA.—His Excellency, Sidarous Pasha, minister plenipotentiary from Egypt to the United States, was the guest and speaker on "Alexandria, Egypt, as a forerunner of the civilization and culture of Alexandria, Virginia," at a recent Alexandria-Alexandria evening planned by the local Rotary club. A floral piece in pyramid form, indicative of the green pasture of international friendship that the Rotary clubs throughout the world are constantly endeavoring to foster, was the silent tribute given to the guest. A copy of the attractive program is being sent to the minister of foreign affairs in Egypt, and one copy to the royal palace of King Fuad, an honorary Rotarian.



Deming (New Mexico) Rotarians, in their first year of aiding Luna County 4-H Club boys in purchasing, feeding, and displaying calves, have met with excellent results. Of their thirteen calves recently entered in the Southwestern Baby Beef and Hog Show held in El Paso, Texas, one (third from left) was selected the "reserve" champion; another (left) won a second.

Pigs That Go to Market

[Continued from page 17]

vicinity, "pick up their feet" as one visitor put it. Older men in the organization would add quickly, "We always have!"

The old carries on in the person of George A. Hormel, himself, who, though he now lives in Beverly Hills, California, is still chairman of the board; and in his two brothers, Ben F. and John G., in charge of live stock and buying, respectively. Otherwise, the executive personnel is young. The seventeen operating heads average thirty-eight years. Most of them are hand-picked college men whose mettle has been tried in the hog-scraping ordeal, then advanced as ability warranted.

All of which combines to explain why Hormel's is never content merely to follow the lead of the big ones in the packing industry. Unlike the lazy peanut vender who trailed through the football stands after his shouting competitor blandly announcing, "Same here, same here," this company has aggressively pushed the leaders. Sometimes it sets the pace with new products, new methods.

A case in point is canned ham. Jay Hormel, a Princeton man who in 1928 at thirty-six succeeded his father as president of the company, "discovered" canned ham in Europe in 1922. Back

wife "can-minded," quietly pushed its investigations. In 1927 a Hamburg butcher was imported to experiment with American ham. It, because of different feeding, has a different moisture content and flavor and hence requires a radically different curing process from the European product.

So it happened that when the 1929 economic tremors began to jostle the business graph downwards, American ham, cured with scientific exactness and packed and cooked in convenient cans, helped keep Hormel receipts up. The housewife readily took to the new product, which had the advantage of being sans bone and skin and loss of weight by cooking. The new convenience in handling and storage permitted Hormel to reduce its number of warehouses and ship directly to jobbers. Pioneer in the ham canning business in America, Hormel's has become probably the world's largest meat canner.

Canned ham success led to the suggestion that chicken too be canned, whole. The idea originated folktale style, from some employee—no one knows just who—who didn't bother to use the "Suggestion Box" maintained in the plant. Gelatine-rich milk-fed chickens were found to solve the problem of a *medium* for cooking in the sealed cans, and the bugbear of

perishability could easily be defeated by proper temperature. But what of the popular prejudice, fed on rumors of ptomaine poisoning, against canned chicken? To allay such fears, only milk-fed, U. S. inspected* fowls were used, which meant less than one per cent of the market poultry could qualify. This necessitated a high price for the product which, as will be noted, injected a new problem.

It was in 1929, the year that prosperity scuttled around the corner where it still loiters, that canned chicken,

cooked in the can and servable hot or cold, appeared in "tailored-to-measure" ham-shaped tin cans. Its sale has risen to approximately five per cent of the Hormel's canned meat business, but it will never be a "commodity," rather just a

"specialty." It wasn't expected to be otherwise for it retails at upwards of a dollar per can, while the average grocery-store unit-sale is less than thirty cents.

Meanwhile, Hormel merchandising experts have been searching for a small unit-sale item that would develop what canned chicken couldn't—volume. Most food men would have said the vegetable soup market had been locked and the key thrown away by such big producers as Campbell and Heinz, but the Hormel young men decided otherwise. With the help of a French chef, hired from Minneapolis' famous Nicollet Hotel, they concocted a meat-base vegetable soup. It was something which other soup-makers, in concentrating on tomato-base products, had overlooked. This product has been merchandised but a few months and, it is said, bids fair not only to keep the flywheel of Austin's leading industry a-whirring in these times, but to accelerate it.

Dispensing ham and chicken in cans and breaking into the entrenched soup market are daring things to do but they are standpat tactics compared to what the Hormel organization has for two years been endeavoring to accomplish in the distribution field with its "Market Plan." It is radical, as radical for the packing industry of the 1930's as George A. Hormel's hog cost-accounting and treasure seeking in scrap barrels was to butcher shops in the 'eighties and 'nineties. It is based on the frankly revolutionary principle of *telling the meat customer precisely what she is purchasing!*

Consider that meat, aside from recent packaged specialties and cellophane-wrapped cuts, has always been just meat. The fastidious housewife, who wouldn't think of using any but Whoosis baking powder and Sizzem catsup, had no choice with steaks. Some were more tender than others, or tougher, but aside from accepting the seller's word she had no test but one: Eating.

Merchandising and advertising experts now generally admit that the housewife



The heart of Hormel's unique plan for short-circuiting wasteful processes between the packing plant and the consumer is the frankly revolutionary principle of marking the grade of meats in a way the housewife will understand.

home, the idea incubated. The Hormel management, appreciative of the fact that city housing, popularization of Pasteur's discoveries, and a generation of crusading by the late Dr. Harvey Wiley had made the American house-

*In some states as much as seven per cent of the poultry is diseased. While tuberculosis runs high on the list, this disease is not demonstrably communicable from chicken to man. Hormel buys its fowls at various killing plants; they are eviscerated and inspected in Austin. Since 1906 Uncle Sam's meticulous food-police have been on the job in all U. S. meat packing plants doing interstate business.

plays favorites with organizations that take her into confidence on the quality of goods if they are priced at figures she is willing to pay. They know that the consumer is king—or, more properly, queen; that she is nowadays inclined to think it "smart to be thrifty;" that she likes to call for a thing by name, especially if the name betokens quality. They know that no Cadillac owner has ever pried the trademark from the radiator; no woman has ever ripped a Lanvin or Patou label from her cloak—unless it was to put it on another.

In the meat trade, Hormel experts were aware that local butchers are often put "on the spot" with embarrassing questions, especially during the summer when pasture feeding supersedes dry (grain) fattening and beef falls off in quality but not in price. They knew too that more than half of the butchers are still unable to state precisely wherein lies their profit. They knew also that almost every day the average butcher must take time to listen to competing salesmen and, if he is a "good sport," split his business among them. They knew too that these orders must be handled by duplicating bookkeeping and credit systems, and delivered by duplicating trucks or unnecessarily expensive rail transportation. It looked like waste—always anathema at Hormel's.

Out of such a picture, prefaced by painstaking research, the "Hormel Market Plan" has been, is being, evolved. To coöperating dealers who pass its rigid credit and merchandising requirements, Hormel now in effect says: For you, we'll do these things:

First: Because you buy fresh meats from us only and for cash (every order blank carries its own detachable blank check), we'll save your time in ordering and receiving goods.

Second: Because this eliminates credit (with costs packers find to be heavy), invoicing and billing, and simplifies shipping—we have savings to pass on to you.

Third: We'll give you the benefit of our merchandising experience with posters, newspaper advertising campaign copy, accounting aids, etc., and counsel you in keeping on hand only supplies you can sell.

Fourth—and, possibly most important of all: We'll relieve you of the responsibility of explaining meat quality or price to your customers by branding all beef on its back with these grade-marks: XX fancy, OO choice; $\Delta\Delta$ standard; \square economy.

Though seldom does one idea prove a panacea for merchandising ills, any plan that can secure to a manufacturer a large number of exclusive dealers and



Photos: Courtesy The National Provisioner

Jay G. Hormel (right) has succeeded his father, George A. Hormel (left) as president of the packing business which the latter started with a hundred-dollar investment in a retail butcher shop, and as holder of the meat-packer classification in the Austin (Minn.) Rotary Club.

reduce distribution costs, is a boon. The Hormel plan in its two years has enrolled a gratifying number of dealers and is growing. That Hormel's find it a successful weapon in foiling merchandising exigencies of these times is their story, and they stick to it. Retailers, too, seem to like the scheme.

"Grading beef is one of the greatest things ever put on the market for the butcher," was the comment of one L. K. Austin, butcher at Preston, Minnesota, interviewed as a "typical" subscriber to the plan. "Within two months after I started it my customers began to ask for meat by grade. Now when I slap a piece of meat on the block they look for the mark. A butcher," he added sagely, "likes to keep friendly with his customers."

The market plan appears to be a characteristic Hormel response to new conditions. Some firms wait for the depression to pass; others endeavor to pass it, which is the Hormel way. Indeed, it is a tradition in the Hormel clan that a depression, with its break-up of established routines, means opportunity. The 1873 panic, though it bankrupted the family tannery at Toledo, Ohio, put twelve-year-old George A. Hormel to work which prepared him for his Austin enterprise. The resourcefulness, the frugality, and the habit of analyzing that he acquired in those days enabled him to pilot his year-old business through the panic of 1893 when cattle dropped

to a cent and a half a pound and hogs to two and a half. It should not, therefore, be surprising that in today's meat-packing doldrums the old Hormel formula is still operative.

The packing industry is not, however, in the plight of steel or pianos. Man's tusks still demand meat despite the quacks of health faddists. Farmers as well as packers might well heed the recently released figures of the U. S. Department of Commerce which show that while the consumption of cereals was 350 pounds per person in 1899, in the 1922-7 period it had fallen to 230 (a 120 pound loss!), whereas consumption of meats, thanks to improved refrigeration and other factors, had increased from 142 to 145 pounds. The meat business would, furthermore, appear almost depression-proof so far as consumption is concerned, for August, 1932, figures show a comfortable increase over those of August, 1931.

Man has always been a carnivorous animal and probably always will be. His food appetite may shift, but his hunger for flesh is constant. He likes his meat and will spend money to get it. That fact, unless the disciples of Gandhi dispossess the earth from the sons and daughters of Bo-bo, seems to assure perpetuity to the packing industry; and even should that predicament come to pass, who knows but that the Hormel young men would long since have gotten a corner on the world's goat milk!

Eagan Versus Eagan

[Continued from page 20]

comes easy and goes easy. Eddie, my boy, always fight just for fun."

I never forgot that advice.

A few years later my head was swelled by winning a tournament championship in the Denver Athletic Club bouts. Back-slaps and the congratulations of my schoolmates distracted my mind from study. A diplomatic high school principal saved me from myself by challenging me to a bout with books—with a scholarship at Denver University as the trophy. I won, and that scholarship helped me win the first victory over recurring temptations to turn professional.

I'd defeated the champion of the mining camp at Cripple Creek in six of the hardest rounds I'd fought up to that time. After my victory a caller came to my dressing room, a dapper, keen-eyed promoter named "Silver Fox" Linehan. "Sign up with me as your manager and we'll clean up," was the gist of his persuasive arguments. The flush of victory was still upon me. Out in Cripple Creek's biggest theater a mob of fight fans was waiting to congratulate me. My pockets were empty. Back in Longmont my mother and brothers, desperately poor, could use any money my fists might earn.

Was it fair to them not to turn professional? I think my scholarship decided me. If I turned pro I'd be barred from athletics at Denver "U." And so I said. "No." That sounds easy, doesn't it. I can only say it wasn't.

A year later I received a lesson in sportsmanship and some good advice from Jack Dempsey, which strengthened my determination to remain an amateur. I'd won two more DAC championships when spring rolled around. My victories made me cocky, the plaudits of fellow students were once more inflating my head. I was matched against Dempsey for a Red Cross benefit. It was 1917. Jack then

was but one of many contenders for Jess Willard's crown. In my own exalted opinion of myself I thought I could kayo him. All I will say of that match is that Jack absorbed my best punches at the start and thereafter I was at his mercy. It is a tribute to his sportsmanship that he did not humiliate me by laying me on the resin before my friends. He nursed me through three of the longest rounds for which I ever managed to stay upright. Then, fine fellow that he is, he taught me some ring tactics from his own experience and encouraged me in my first ambition.

"They tell me you're in college," he said. "Stick to it, kid. I wish I had your chance. The professional gets darned little money and lots of punches."

The last proved to be only partially true in Jack's case. He got lots of



Here's the way to block a left hook with the right. It puts you in a position to deliver a right cross to the chin.

money. But after he collected his big early gates as champion he confirmed what my first instructor had told me. I was in Harvard at the time, in 1922. As usual, my finances were in bad shape, and recalling our earlier conversation, I expressed envy of monetary rewards

the championship had brought him.

"Eddie, it's the bunk," he said. "When your manager has taken his share and you've paid other expenses there isn't so much left. You've got to live up to popular expectations as a public character, too. You could tip a bell-boy a dime for mailing a letter. I'm the 'champ' so the least I can tip is a dollar. That's the way everything goes. You'd be surprised if I told you how little I've got left from the Carpentier fight."

THIS he told me then, and when I last saw him a few months ago, he repeated that I'd made a smart decision.

My fists helped me win a commission in the army, they made me known among Yale freshmen after I won the heavyweight championship of the United States in the Amateur Athletic Union bouts, and they took me to France as understudy for the United States army heavyweight entries in the Inter-Allied Games. I won the middleweight title of all the Allied armies, but I was broke because I'd had to work my way through school and as a reserve officer, only I was on an inactive duty status without pay. After I won that title I received many offers to fight for money in Paris and at various cantonments. I certainly needed it, but I knew that once I accepted money I would be barred from athletics at Yale. I turned down many offers but the real test awaited me back in the States when I returned to college.

What little money I had left was stolen from me on the boat returning. I was literally penniless, and awaiting me in New Haven were the problems of a tuition bill and the means of earning a livelihood while I studied. In my plight, Harry Maloney, coach of the army athletic team in France, offered me shelter under the roof of the Hotel Astor in New York City. And there when things were darkest I received a telegram from Philadelphia.

"Guarantee \$1,500 for you to fight Mike O'Dowd for middleweight championship of the world, Washington's Birthday."

It was signed by a promoter well-known in the sports' world.

In that yellow paper message lay the solution to my most pressing problems. The sum offered was not the wealth of the world, but in my immediate situation it loomed like the Allied indemnity bill. I was tempted greatly. But I knew that if I accepted the offer it would commit me to a pugilistic career. I'd be

barred from college athletics. If I won the title—and of that I felt confident—I'd have to defend it. I could no doubt advance into the heavyweight class. I might become heavyweight champion of the world.

Then what? Ten years, perhaps a little more, of Big Money, of Fame, of Admiration, the Plaudits of the Crowd. But after that what? The future beyond was less attractive. *Ex-champion* is something else again. I had a composite vision of all the ex-champions up to that time. I had no ambitions as a vaudeville artist. Neither did the career of saloon-keeping appeal. Glory—and Money—would then be things of the past. The tragedy of the most successful ring career is that it must end so early in life. The rosier past is poor solace to a man in his early or middle thirties. So I again made a decision.

Providence was with me, as it always appears to have been. A few days later I was notified I had been awarded a Knights of Columbus scholarship. That solved my tuition problem. Earning an incidental living was easy. I'd done that since high school days.

But the temptation to turn professional was not forever disposed of. When I won the light-heavyweight championship of the world in the Olympic Games of 1920, the following year I was again besieged with offers. A few years later, after I had won the amateur heavyweight championship of England while attending Oxford as a Rhodes scholar,

I was again in a financial quandary. I was finding it difficult to pay all my expenses with the £360, the yearly allowance for Rhodes scholars. At that point Peggy Bettison tempted me with a thousand-pound purse for one fight. It was hard to refuse! On top of that, Tex Rickard urged me to jump over the fence so that he might book me in Madison Square Garden. Again I had to fight the will-o'-the-wisp of million-dollar gates.

BUT it was Gene Tunney who helped me make my final decision. I'd first met Gene in France. Ever since we've been close friends. At the time he had just won the championship from my other friend Jack Dempsey. I had just returned from a trip around the world, where I'd been knocking over amateur and professional champions on every continent. But I wasn't thinking of fighting when I disembarked. My first objective was to pass the bar "exams."

But in the meantime I had looked up former fellow students at Oxford. I thought they'd be going great guns during the year or more I'd been travelling to complete my education. They hadn't. Without exception they were struggling for a foothold. Most of them were poor. That changed my viewpoint. I reasoned it would take me as long or longer than my friends to get a start in law. I could use a financial nest-egg to advantage. No longer were penalties attached to

turning professional. I had my degrees from Yale and Oxford. College athletics were behind me. I'd fight until I had a bank-roll. If results were encouraging, if I was as good as I thought, I might go on to the top. It was in that mood I talked to Gene.

"It's not worth it, Eddie," Gene protested. "You don't know what a 'champ' has to put up with until you are one. It's a long road to the championship. I was years getting my chance. It takes lots of fights to get to the top, and then it's a matter of luck. At your age are you ready to go through the mill? You wouldn't start at the bottom it's true, but the bees are busiest around the top of a honey jar. There are plenty ahead of you. Maybe you can lick 'em all, only remember the better you are the harder you'll find it to get matches with the top-notchers. They aren't anxious to risk slipping down the ladder."

"If you were broke and with no other talent I'd not only advise you to turn pro, I'd help you get matches. You're ready to tackle law. It won't help your career a bit to take up professional boxing. No, Eddie, the fight game is not for you."

He convinced me. And I partially repaid him by helping him train for his second fight with Dempsey. That really ended my ring career, though I still fight for fun. But as I said in the beginning, and I hope I've proved my point, my hardest fights have been outside the ring—Eagan versus Eagan.

A Rotary Source of Strength

[Continued from page 33]

dynamic. But, in any case, where in the Aims and Objects Plan does he find that our standards are fixed? Moreover, he appears to contradict himself to some extent, for, a sentence or two further on, he repeats a previous statement in a somewhat altered form when he says, "A simple statement of fundamentals is the first requirement as far as the development of the individual is concerned." Evidently, even Ray wants our standards fixed insofar as fundamentals are concerned.

It appears to me that the whole of the article in question discloses most extraordinary confusion of thought. Throughout, means are confounded with ends; tools with materials. This is very evident when the author says, "The weakness of the Aims and Objects Plan is that it is calculated to make men con-

form whereas the real theme of Rotary is not to conform or reform men but to help them to transform themselves." But, insofar as the plan inculcates conformity, it only does so in regard to procedure, and that, as we have seen, only within elastic limits. Nowhere does it suggest identity of activities, or, to employ Ray Knoeppel's own words, that we should all travel the same road to reach the goal. So far as I understand the Aims and Objects Plan, it leaves initiative and the widest options to individual clubs.

If, on the other hand, Ray wants initiative and choice of action to be left to individual members of clubs, then I entirely disagree with him. It is true that each Rotarian, leading his own individual life in the world, has scope there for initiative in displaying his worth as

a Rotarian; but within the club, corporate action is indispensable if a Rotary club, as such, is to have any real, useful, effective existence at all.

Now, having offered so much by way of criticism of Ray Knoeppel's thesis (in no unkindly spirit, let me assure him). I hasten to add that it is evident to me that a certain dissatisfaction agitates his mind, as it does the minds of a good many other Rotarians at the present time. With that dissatisfaction I am in sympathy; indeed, I share it. Ray senses the fact, as I sense it, as a great many other Rotarians sense it, that, for some reason or other, Rotary is not exercising all the influence it might and ought to exercise, and that many Rotarians are not practicing Rotary as thoroughly and as variously as they might and ought to

[Continued on page 48]

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[Continued from page 46]

practice it. We differ, not on the fact but on the reason, or reasons for it.

Ray is manifestly a strong individualist, and is inclined, therefore, to view Rotary, perhaps too exclusively, from that angle. "It is not sufficient," he says, "for Rotary to have the appearance of greatness. It can only continue to encourage Rotarians by awakening new interests in life or developing new viewpoints." And, again, "The success of Rotary in the future will not be accomplished nor judged by the activities of Rotary clubs but rather by the capacity for service of its individual members as exemplified before the world by their good works."

With all this we may, I think, cordially agree, subject to one qualification. It seems to me that, by implication, Ray Knoeppel is inclined to discount the activities of Rotary clubs, as such, more than is warranted by the facts.

It is true that faith without works is a somewhat barren title to excellence. On the other hand, let us not forget that the Rotary club is the indispensable laboratory in which the Rotarian is developed, and that if clubs, as such, did no more than develop the capacities of members for service they would more

than justify themselves and would certainly be entitled to a share of the esteem in which their members might be held "before the world for their good works." In point of fact, the clubs have done a good deal more than that. In their corporate capacity they have much good work already standing to their credit before the world.

Let us not forget that Rome was not built in a day, or overlook the fact that Rotary, in its aim to elevate the practical—as distinguished from the theoretical—ethics of its members, and through their example, of the community generally, has assigned to itself no light and easy task. In matters of conduct, unfortunately, "each day the fatal precedent will plead," and it is Rotary's self-imposed task to react against precedent. I am not concerned to deny that, in some respects, Rotary functions faultily. This, indeed, is generally admitted, and should, I think, be made the subject of careful and thorough inquiry in the immediate future.

AT present, opinions differ as to the reasons, and it is dangerous to jump at conclusions simply because they happen to harmonize with a particular bent of mind, or point of view. I do not propose to examine the question exhaust-

ively here. But, if I may venture a purely tentative opinion, I should be inclined to say that some Rotarians are apt to be daunted by what appears to them to be the complex organization of Rotary. They cannot see the wood for the trees, whilst, in the case of others, there seems to be an excessive loss of power between theory and practice. Or, in other words, the driving belt is running loose. Some, again, are wondering whether Rotary is ideally constituted as to membership for the full achievement of the aims it has in view.

It is also suggested that Rotary publicity, from the point of view of inspiring public confidence, is deficient, and that without such confidence Rotary is handicapped in its work, and even precluded from undertaking much that could otherwise be carried to a successful issue.

Upon the merits of these various points of view I express no opinion whatever. But I do think that there is a case for inquiry, and, whatever the other results to which such inquiry will lead may be, I am sure that one of them will be that the Aims and Objects Plan, if energetically and capably operated, is not a cause of weakness but really a source of strength.

Where Change Meets Change

[Continued from page 32]

snow-capped peaks, pellucid lakes, and swift-running rivers drab surnames of men we wish to honor. The names the Indians gave them are much more picturesque and descriptive. As we journeyed along on the Japanese-owned railway, on one of the finest trains imaginable, the distant landscape seemed liberally sprinkled with white dots, Korean peasants at work on their land. This "Land of the Morning Calm" might well be called The Land of Gleaming White for white is the color of the clothes worn by both men and women at all seasons of the year. The Korean national costume in point of history is that which was worn in China before the Manchu invasion.

Rich and poor alike dress in white, spotless white of silk or very fine cotton for the prosperous, coarser cotton or hemp for the working-classes, and for the very poor, not always so impeccably white, it must be admitted. After a remark made in approbation of the white garb of the Koreans, our travelling companion hastily remarked, "But, just think of the drudgery for the poor Korean

housewives! Every day is Monday with them." He explained that instead of ironing, the garments are generally pounded with wooden mallets, like fulling cloth, two women working opposite each other.

THE white attire which sets the Koreans apart as unique, was undoubtedly, like the black dress of the thrifty middle-class Frenchwomen, a matter of economy. In Korea, as in China and Japan, white is also the color of mourning. One of their rulers made it obligatory for the whole nation to go into mourning whenever a member of the Korean royal family or a high official was gathered to his ancestors. What more sensible than to remain in white permanently and not have the trouble and expense of changing? The long white tunics topped by the curious black transparent horse-hair hats give the Korean gentlemen a curiously dignified appearance.

With a very long coast-line in proportion to its size, 5,400 miles, not including the thousand or so near-by

islands, it is not surprising to find fish occupying an important place in the dietary of the Koreans. Much of it is salted. It is served with rice. A great favorite also is a sort of pickle, called "Kimchi," made of vegetables and red pepper to which shellfish, especially oysters, are added.

Korea seems rather less concerned with religion than perhaps any other Mongolian country. However, ancestor worship is as strong here as in China. The common people are also believers in evil spirits which they feel are constantly in need of propitiation. Buddhism found its way from China into Korea in 370 A.D. and was later made the state religion. In its wake came much of the culture of China. The Koreans proved deft and skilful in the arts and crafts and maintained them in a high degree of perfection for a thousand years.

In 1592, Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan, with the fanciful ambition to become emperor not only of Japan but of the whole East as well, invaded Korea as the first step. Many of Korea's art



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treasures and numbers of her artists, he sent to Japan and they became Japan's early teachers. The Koreans were especially proficient in weaving, ceramics, and metal work. For six years Hideyoshi remained active in the carrying out of his plans. Then came his death, his family was overthrown, and the Japanese troops recalled from Korea. The finer arts in time died out in Korea but were reborn and continued in Japan.

An invitation to tea had been extended to us by the governor-general of Chosen, Admiral Viscount Saito and the viscountess. It was a delight to converse with this cultured elderly couple. Jim was naturally specially interested because of the part that the viscount had played in the organization of the Keijo club. Without a single exception, we have found in the many different countries we have visited that those holding the highest rank in the government are invariably people of simple manners, unaffected, most democratic and approachable. And this aged statesman and his charming wife were no exception. It is of special interest to note that practically without exception, they were all pleased to assist in the extension of Rotary. Since our visit to Korea, Viscount Saito has been called to the highest political office in Japan, that of premier.

The former emperor's palace in its huge compound was pointed out to us. Our travelling companion indicated his home on the hillside overlooking the palace grounds. "In the days of the emperor," he stated, "I would not have been permitted to build on the hills for it was a punishable offense for people to look down upon a palace enclosure."

MY husband spent at odd times an aggregate of several months in old Korea under the régime of the last Korean emperor. At that time the highest class or caste in society was the *yangbang* consisting of officials, nobles, and scholars. They were distinguished by their peculiar black transparent horse-hair hats with broad brim and high crown, worn over a skullcap and tied under the chin. The topknot which every married man wore showed through the crown. At that time by some men the hat was considered as perhaps his most treasured possession and sometimes it constituted almost a man's entire fortune for they were expensive. If he possessed a particularly costly one he wore a second hat as a protection and even at times a third covering surmounted all.

Then, a great many Koreans wore the big tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses (fore-



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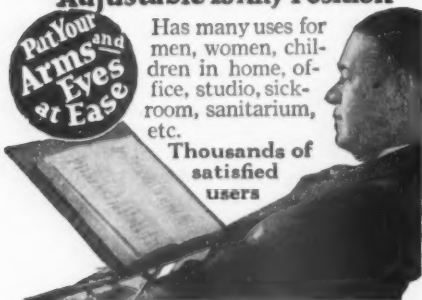
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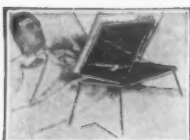


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runners, I have no doubt, of our own shell-rimmed eye glasses) affected by the *literati* of China. When riding in the street-cars—oh, yes, there were street-cars in those days for an enterprising San Francisco man had introduced them—these *Yangbangs* for a while concealed their faces from the public's contaminating gaze. Today "yangbang" denotes a man of means or high position.

While the Rotary club was holding a meeting for Jim, the wife of the Standard Oil representative gave a little dinner party for my daughter and myself after which we were taken to a dance at which practically the whole of the foreign community of Keijo were present, some forty or so. They seemed like one big jolly family and had a happy time together. In the smaller European communities in the East there is generally a harmony and a loyalty perhaps increased by a feeling of dependence one upon another, that is not correctly represented by the sensational tales in the magazines, generally most vivid pictures of infidelity, cruelty, and recklessness.

Now a few quotations from my husband's notes:—"To return again to Korea after my last visit in 1904 during the days of the old régime, was fascinating. It was a new and revived country I now saw with Keijo, the capital, a beautiful modern city. From the Chosen Shrine on South Hill one gets a splendid view of Keijo surrounded by its picturesque hills. Here one sees at a glance the material progress that has been its good fortune of late in the fine modern buildings, hospitals, schools, museums, libraries, university, modern hotel, parks,

paved streets, etc. Throughout the country some 4,000 schools had been established and primary education made compulsory. Perhaps of greater importance are courts of justice and freedom from graft. Korea is an agricultural country and the farmer has now protection against bandits which was one of the great curses of the old days. Noting these changes it was difficult to believe this was the land which up to 1880 was closed to the world and which prohibited foreigners from residing within it.

"As evidence of progress, a Rotary club was established in 1927 in Keijo. Viscount Saito, who served in Korea as governor-general from 1919 to 1926 and again during 1930 and 1931, is invariably given credit for much of the progress made in Korea in recent years. It was this same very genial and fair-minded official who was responsible for the introduction of Rotary. While at tea at His Excellency's official residence, I was told of the great interest he had taken in Rotary for a number of years. He had first learned of the organization in Washington, some ten years ago.

"Later, upon being stationed in Korea, he obtained some Rotary literature and then called together some of the representative business and professional men of Keijo and explained the aims of Rotary and expressed his belief in its usefulness. The club was formed a few weeks later with Viscount Saito as an honorary member. It has now about fifty members, is a most efficient organization, and meets weekly in fine quarters provided by the Bankers' Club."

Jim Osborne

I KNOW several Jim Osbornes. One is a young man in a hospital. He has a spinal ailment which has caused him untold agony for two years and more. Legs on which he recently ran and walked are now twisted up against his body; and fingers with which he used to pick grounders from the baseline are too misshapen to hold a tumbler of water.

"I'll be home by Easter," he confidently tells visitors. And after Easter, "I'll be home this summer." And then, "I'll be home for Thanksgiving." And, "I'll be home Christmas."

The doctors marvel that he still lives. "He'll not last another month," they have declared at regular intervals for a year.

There are, as I have stated, a number of other Jim Osbornes. Their legs are

not doubled up under them, nor are they confined to hospital cots. The one with whom I am best acquainted drops in on me whenever I feel blue, or bitter, or licked. He always talks me out of it. "What have you to be discouraged or bitter about?" he demands. "Where's your gumption and grit?"

At a rough guess I should estimate that there are a thousand Jim Osbornes at work in the community, talking to the thousand individuals who know the one in the hospital.

Jim Osborne a cripple? Helpless? No. One of his bodies is crippled, but he has many more which are not. He might have been a cripple, along with that body. But no, he has become an army!

—Worth Stewart.

At Christmas

By EDGAR A. GUEST

*A man is at his finest toward the finish
of the year;
He is almost what he should be when
Christmas season's here;
Then he's thinking more of others than
he's thought the months before,
And the laughter of his children is a
joy worth toiling for.
He is less a selfish creature than at any
other time;
When the Christmas spirit rules him,
he comes close to the sublime.
Man is ever in a struggle and he's oft
misunderstood;
There are days the worst that's in him
is the master of the good;
But at Christmas kindness rules him and
he puts himself aside,
And his petty hates are vanquished
and his heart is opened wide.
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but
somehow it seems to me
That at Christmas man is almost what
God sent him here to be.*

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Twice-Told Tales

The Fall of Man

A Bostonian was showing a visiting Briton around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument—where Warren fell, you know."
The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully and then said: "Nasty fall! Killed him o. course?"—*Rotary Review*, Coudersport, Pa.

Private Profits

"So, you were in the army?"
"Yes. I was in the army," was the loud response.
"Did you get a commission?"
"No, only my wages!"—*Rotary in La Grange La.*

But It Did No Good

A soldier said to his colonel that he wanted to be excused from duty for the day, his wife needed him at home to do the house cleaning. The colonel said that he hated to refuse, but that the soldier's wife had phoned him that her husband was absolutely worthless around the house. Soldier saluted and turned to go.
At the door he stopped and said:
"There are two awful liars in this regiment, and I am one of them. I am not married."—*The Rotagraph*, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Playing Safe

The class in physiology was being "shown off" before some distinguished visitors. "Can any little girl tell me three foods required to keep the body in health?" inquired one of the visitors.
There was a silence. When this had become painful, one of the larger girls in the back row held up her hand, and answered:
"Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."—*The Pagoda*, Shanghai, China.

"YOU NEVER SEE HIS FACE"

Ganymede, who was cupbearer of the Olympian gods, made quite a name for himself. But then, his was an uncommon waiter's job and he an unusual youngster, so he should have had better luck than most waiters do in the matter of achieving personal recognition. For if there is any group of men whose identity is lost in the service they perform, it is the waiters.



The waiter has been described as "the man whose face you never see," a true and perfect description as far as most of the public are concerned. Yet the waiters do not complain; they are generally quite philosophic about it. Certainly the Statler waiters* are.

They go on unobtrusively and deferentially serving our good Statler food to the guests who come to their tables. And the remarkable thing is that if they are largely unknown personalities to their steadiest patrons, those patrons are *not* unknown to them.

We have many, many waiters who have been with us since the houses in which they are employed were opened, and every one of them knows the intimate likes and dislikes of scores of guests. They know to whom to bring the various relishes for fish or meat, they remember that so-and-so must have his roast beef rare, that such-a-one takes cream but no sugar in his coffee and that another likes vinegar on his peas.

Waiters everywhere, of course, acquire this sort of knowledge of their guests, but we think that in our Statler hotels they do a little better job of it, evince a little more personal interest in their patrons' culinary preferences, serve a little more deftly and display a little more courtesy because of their training in the precepts of Statler Service.

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Is This Rotary's Hour to Speak?

[Continued from page 14]

munity that the food kept pouring in. They gave shows. They conducted benefits. They canvassed the city. The big industrial plants are still unopened, but no family has suffered for want of the necessities of life. Rotary has new significance in this community.

Why might not that power to organize and administer be turned in the direction of our business ills? One problem seems common to both industry and agriculture, to both employer and employee—the problem of receiving a fair price for an honest product. If our energies were turned to that problem, a great stabilizing force might be exerted by the far-flung membership in our movement.

ROTARY has adopted this as a definite policy. At its convention at Dallas in 1929 it resolved that the first duty of every member was to act for the benefit of the progress and prosperity of his country. Here are the exact words:

Through coöperation and fellowship between the representatives of the various business and professional lines, Rotary affirms the duty of every citizen to address his activity toward the general interest, and first of all toward the progress and prosperity of his country.

There have been dozens of plans advanced to restore the prosperity we have lost. What Rotary club has conducted a forum, taking the most likely of these proposals and seeking to find the one or the half-dozen that seemed to promise definite relief? How can we evade that responsibility?

Rochester, N. Y., started a drive to do the repair work *now*. Houses needed painting, sheds needed repair, a sleeping porch was to be built over a back bedroom. Do the job now they pleaded, and many idle hands will find employment. This was the experience of Rochester and many cities that followed its lead. But the effort was not widespread. It was local in its application and hence local and temporary in its relief. What might the story have been in Rotary and similar service organizations had they studied the plan in three thousand communities?

Today a group of sincere business leaders, casting an apprehensive glance at the spectre of winter unemployment, have studied and advocated the "Share the Work" idea. How many clubs will reject it without an examination? Worse, how many will ignore it entirely?

The Rotary Club of Dayton, Ohio, has

sponsored a study club to deal with economic subjects. That would seem to be a step in the right direction. Before Rotary can speak out, before it can consciously help its members to act in defence of the progress and prosperity of their country, it should be certain that its action represents the reasoned and considered judgment of its membership. First, then, there should be study by individual clubs. Such a study, cooperatively pursued in thousands of communities, should enable us to see more clearly how we got into our present difficulties—which is the first step toward finding how to get out.

Would it be too much to hope that the second step might be the widespread acceptance of a plan to put us on the path that leads to recovery? Surely it is not idealistic to hope that out of the discussions of hundreds of thousands of thinking men there might come a ray of light which we could all perceive and be willing to follow. Such a plan would not be born of wishing. It would be based on a consciously-willed attention to facts as they are. It would be sobered by the experiences of representative men in a thousand avenues of activity. It would, of necessity, be broad in its application and in its benefits.

We would then be ready to throw our vast man-power into the solution of the problem, not as isolated individuals but as cohesive units. We would strengthen and develop our movement by comradeship in a common cause. We would give it direction and force. We would thrill to see it stand up and fight.

Best of all, we would have gained an understanding of the giant that seemed about to master us. Rotary would then be ready to take the lead in advocating that our business and economic life be so organized that future trouble might be avoided. The fact that we can so clearly predict and chart these business cycles presents only a greater challenge to bring them under control.

Will we learn how we got into our economic crisis? Will we know how we slowly and painfully climb out? Will we make certain that it can not happen again?

Because of its international character, because of the diversity of classification in its membership, because of the tremendous power of men banded together in a common endeavor, Rotary might speak to the world on that far-reaching issue.

Canada's Banks Stand Up

[Continued from page 11]

thing like this: Under a local system, half-a-dozen men may decide to promote an enterprise which means business and status for the town. Local enthusiasm may be expected to temper the banking arrangements.

But if requests for credit are reduced to writing and submitted to bank executives perhaps a thousand miles away, the enterprise will have to show that it is sound. There may be disappointments and heart-burnings, but there will be no such thing as an ill-considered enterprise failing and dragging down with it the local bank.

The branch bank system has been blamed for the relatively slow development of Canada, at least until recent years, compared with that of the United States. It has been charged with being too careful, too conservative. Perhaps it must accept that blame. In rebuttal it can claim that during depressions it stands up; that its depositors can sleep o' nights.

When I was a lad I lived almost on the boundary between North Dakota and Manitoba. There was a town nearby on each side, and a bank in each town. The Dakota bank occupied the more pretentious building, but its capital was declared to be only \$20,000; the Manitoba bank, although occupying what was little more than a frame shack, emblazoned upon its windows: "Capital, \$4,000,000; Reserve, \$4,000,000." There was no doubt in the mind of anyone which gave greater security to depositors.

It is not to be suggested that bank failures are unknown in Canada. Between 1867 and 1923, Canada had twenty-six bank failures. In twenty-four instances the note-holders were paid in full and in thirteen instances the depositors also were paid in full. There has been no default of a Canadian bank note since 1881. The fact that, through the "note redemption fund," each bank is indirectly responsible for the notes of all other banks, no doubt discourages

destructive tendencies and contributes to the strength of all. No dividend may exceed eight per cent unless a bank has a reserve equal to at least thirty per cent of its paid-up capital, and rigid inspection by government officers insures strict compliance with the law.

Another distinguishing feature of the Canadian banking system is the fact that under the Bank Act—which is its charter—no Canadian bank may make a loan on the security of real estate. That form of financing in Canada is left to mortgage companies and similar institutions. Banks may acquire real estate for their own purposes, or as security for loans already made, but they must not lend on it in the first place. This keeps capital liquid; a general slump in land prices, or absence of buyers, does not directly freeze their securities.

While many causes enter into explanation of the fact that in 1931 bank failures in the United States totalled 2,022, net, and there has not been a single bank failure in Canada in nine years, these two are outstanding: A bank in the most remote or hardest hit district in Canada, though it have but one clerk and be housed in a frame shack, has at its command all the resources and experience of its powerful parent and its string of associates all across the Dominion which, linked together like mountain climbers on a rope, are able to save it from falling; and the Canadian banks, forbidden to make loans on real estate, are protected in considerable degree from the possibility of finding assets frozen at the very moment liquidity is essential.

Aside from direct material considerations, the showing made by the banks of Canada during the present depression has had a psychological value which it would be hard to measure. Banks are the foundations of the financial structure of a nation. Confidence in the foundations has a very steadying effect in times of emergency.

Snow

By JAMES NEWSOM*

Downy feathers in the air,

That's snow.

Icy crystals on your hair,

That's snow.

Silver tinsel on the trees,

Soft, white down blown by the breeze,

Floating down with grace and ease,

That's snow.

Sodden slush, clung to your shoe,

That's snow!

Stinging cold on hands turned blue,

That's snow!

Frozen face and nose that's red,

Weighted legs that feel like lead,

A slushy crash against your head,

That's snow!

*Son of M. Eugene Newsom, past president of Rotary International.

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A Country Editor Looks at Life

[Continued from page 8]

all concerned, and is sincere. Naturally if an editor were selfish, insincere, and unfair, he would soon lose the respect of his readers as well as the friendship of his people.

The public is fickle, forgetful, and forgiving. At heart people are good. Men opposed by an editor in a project today may next month be working diligently with him in the championship of another project.

There are hundreds of editors in small towns who have won the respect and esteem of their readers because of courageous editorials. Perhaps "courageous" is the wrong word. Championing things that are right is more a matter of "conviction" than "courage." An editor who has observed the reactions of human nature understands that the public will not permanently condemn a position that is sincere. Of course, the editor may temporarily have the majority against him. They may think of him in terms of fire and brimstone and they may talk loudly. But in the end the public will forget and forgive. That's why I say "conviction." Perhaps the time when courage is needed is when an editor must differ with his friends. It is much easier any day to oppose enemies than friends.

A newspaper does not have to be militant in policy to sponsor an editorial policy that is aggressive. Every small town editor can find enough things about him to keep an editorial page constantly hot. And he need not be a crusader or a reformer. It just means that the problems in a small town are very personal to the people.

Of course every now and then an agitated subscriber will call at the newspaper office and demand that his subscription be stopped. Frankly, a reasonable number of cancellations should not make an editor feel badly. It proves that people read what he writes. It indicates backbone and signifies that the editor is not indulging in spineless fence straddling. A handful of disgruntled readers cannot injure a newspaper by merely cancelling subscriptions. The chances are that the ex-subscriber will borrow the paper of his nearest neighbor and continue reading it. Queer as it seems, however, usually when a militant reader stops his paper he seems to think that cancellation will greatly injure the newspaper.

It is stimulating to observe the indications of pride, interest, vanity, and good nature as revealed through the people who call at a small town news-

paper office. Last winter was very mild. A subscriber had a few banana trees growing in his front yard for ornamental purposes, and in the middle of January a bunch of this tropical fruit ripened. To the newspaper office he came and presented it to the editor with his compliments. Always the farmer with the first cotton bloom of the season rushes to the newspaper office. The man with the first boll and first bale does the same thing. It is not unusual for a farmer to bring in a large sweet potato to exhibit in the newspaper window.

ONCE a subscriber brought in a queer shaped hen egg. It resembled a human index finger, nail, joints, wrinkles, everything. At noon I took it home to show it to my family. I could not carry it in my hand while driving and was afraid to risk placing it on the car seat so I put it in my shirt pocket. My little boy greeted me with an affectionate hug. That was another case of humpty-dumpty had a great fall and I was forced to change shirts.

People who go fishing always return with extravagant fish stories. After all, no one expects a fisherman to tell the truth when relating his story. Almost invariably when these sportsmen return from a few days' outing they see the editor of their newspaper and spin their yarn. It is one of the greatest sources of fine humor.

The same relations between small town editors and their people is revealed in the serious things of the community. Check up on the progressive movements of small communities. It may be a strawberry festival, a spring style pageant, a cotton carnival, a chamber of commerce drive. It does not matter what the project may be or where the community is located, usually you will find that back of the project is the community's newspaper. Newspapers in small towns not only publish the births and deaths and intervening happenings of their people but they are power stations as well. These stations supply a force that pushes communities forward.

People look to the small town editor for leadership. Rats broke into a lady's chicken house and killed ninety biddies. "You ought to get our town to put on a rat campaign," a lady's voice came over the telephone. A dog bites a child. Radio interference in a neighborhood. The traffic laws are not enforced. Dope peddlers are rampant . . . Always to the

editor people come with these troubles. When asked to write a letter and sign it for publication regarding some pet annoyance, the complainers shrink deliberately. The editor must pull the chestnuts out of the fire. He is, in reality, the world's greatest "chestnut puller."

No profession has a monopoly on compensating values. Every branch of every calling, journalism in particular, has its compensations. They are to be found in the grind of the big city daily; but somehow I think the editor of the small town paper gets a greater share.

Once I overheard some men talking about the biggest "kick" they got out of life. One man said he preferred taking his chances with a liver spotted pup, a shot gun, and a wild covey of birds in a corn field. Another said he got his biggest thrill in matching his wits against a green trout in a swift running mountain stream. May I testify that, outside of playing with my youngsters at night, my biggest kick in life is editing a small town newspaper. It is filled with thrills. It is exciting enough. Several thousand small town editors can attest to this fact.

Now I Understand America

[Continued from page 23]

The atmosphere in every home we visited was entirely informal. We ate, we slept, we talked, we motored and, on Sunday, like as not, we went with the family to church. Maybe such things appear ordinary and insignificant to the reader, but let him but think of them as do we, who, had not Rotary thought of us, would have seen absolutely none of that side of American life.

America suffers, it seems to me from visitors who see its more obvious side, then depart to write and say most untrue and hurtful things. They have read newspapers and visited theaters and seen hotel and train life, but they have not seen typical home life. Thus, they have missed the real heart of America.

Had these hasty critics, as have we overseas students at the University of Wisconsin, had the opportunity of living for considerable time within family circles, their reports would have been different. They would have learned that the American is not entirely selfish, and certainly is not the heartless Shylock as European cartoonists so often picture him. They would have learned something of the American movement for improving civic conditions and raising business ethical standards.

As we "guest students" learned of America, we, in turn, have imparted some knowledge of our native lands. It was my privilege, for example, to speak about Poland to a number of Wisconsin Rotary clubs and, parenthetically, the remuneration for such talks was exceedingly welcome for exchange rates on money from home were working a hardship. Often as host-family and student chatted over the tea cups, or around the fireside or radio at night, there was a two-way flow of ideas. I know that some of our hosts were quite surprised to learn that life, aside from

outward manifestations, goes on in other lands much as it does in America. And, I suppose, the pictures we overseas students left in the minds of our hosts and hostesses aid, in a degree, in reducing the provincialism to which townsfolk everywhere are so often heir. We personalized "foreign nations" and were living evidence of Rotary's internationalism.

Rotary's "host plan" is, I am certain, a contribution to the cause of international welfare of which Rotary may be justly proud. It must be quite obvious that from the ranks of the students of today will be drawn many of the statesmen, teachers, lawgivers, writers, business men of tomorrow. They will have much to say in the halls where issues of national economy and international peace are to be weighed. And who, having made friends in a foreign land and having accepted of the hospitality of its homes, will counsel his own nation to engage it in war?

As Rotary's "host plan" expands from a mere idea into a movement, it should gain momentum. Hundreds of American towns and cities having schools attended by students from other lands might well take it up, and soon Rotary clubs in Europe and elsewhere will be reciprocating to American students in their midst. Thus will be speeded the work of webbing the seas of the world with ties of friendship.

And Rotary, as an organization, will profit, for as the guest student returns to his home, in his heart will be the kindest feelings towards Rotary. He will seek to spread Rotary's influence. When I say this, I am not talking hearsay; I am revealing what is in my own mind right now. Before so very long, I shall be leaving the shores of the United States for my own land, Poland, and there at every opportunity I intend to speak a good word for Rotary.

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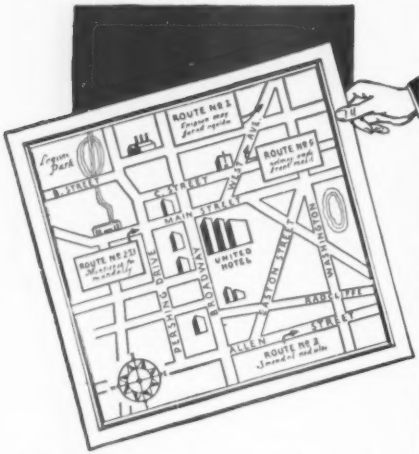
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Chats on Contributors

Clinton P. Anderson, Is This Rotary's Hour to Speak?, president of Rotary International, brought to his office an extensive experience in local, district, and International Rotary affairs which dates back to 1919 when he joined the Rotary Club of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Early years of his professional life were spent in journalism. He is now treasurer of the New Mexico Loan and Mortgage Company, at Albuquerque, but he devotes the greater part of his time, aside from Rotary activities, to an insurance business of his own.

Robert J. C. Stead, Canada's Banks Stand Up, is director of publicity of the Department of Immigration and Colonization of the Dominion of Canada. As a writer he has been honored with the presidency of the Canadian Authors' League; and this year he occupies another presidential chair, that of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Ontario, in which he holds the classification of "literature."

Eddie Eagan, Eagan Versus Eagan, from the time he won his first boxing match at the age of sixteen, for several years divided his interests between the ring and college work. He won the heavyweight championship of the United States in the Amateur Athletic Union bouts while a student at Yale University; at the Olympic Games of 1920 he won the amateur light-heavyweight championship of the world, and a few years later, while a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, was crowned amateur heavyweight champion of England. During all this he has maintained his amateur standing, and now has a successful law practice in New York City . . . **Frederick R. Burley, A Rotary Source of Strength**, chairman of the club service committee of Rotary International, is founder and director of Berlei, Ltd., corset manufacturers in Sydney, Australia.

Arthur M. Lockhart, "S-o-r-r-y Mister, Line's Busy," vice-president of the Rio Grande Oil Company of Los Angeles, California, was formerly president of the El Paso (Texas) Rotary Club; he now belongs to the Los Angeles Rotary Club and is a member of the magazine committee of Rotary International . . . **Stanislaw J. Belzecki, Now I Understand America**, came to the United States from his native Poland six years ago, and last year received his Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. He is now an executive of the new International House at the University of Chicago where he is engaged in work similar to that about which he writes in this issue.

Watson Davis, Headlines from the Laboratory, author of this ROTARIAN feature which started in the November issue, is managing editor of *Science Service*. **Leland D. Case, Pigs That Go to Market**, of THE ROTARIAN's editorial board, is a member of the Chicago Rotary Club.

John Oliver Emmerich, A Country Editor Looks at Life, is editor and publisher of *The McComb* (Mississippi) *Enterprise* and a charter member of the Rotary Club of McComb; in 1931 he was winner of the George Fort Milton \$500 award for the best editorial appearing in newspapers of the South on a theme advancing the cause of international peace (see November ROTARIAN). . . . Our readers will regret to learn

that the notable series of articles by **Lillian Dow Davidson** (this month, *Where Change Meets Change*) is drawing to a close. Her article on Japan to appear in the January number will conclude the series of contributions which has received such hearty response.

For Further Readings

"CANADA'S BANKS STAND UP" (Vocational Service), by Robert J. C. Stead.
"No Banking Adjustments in 68% of All Cities and Towns"—*Bankers' Monthly*, October, 1932, digested in *World Business Digest*, November, 1932.
"Two Country Banks in Iowa and Virginia"—*Fred L. Garlock, American Bankers' Association Journal*, October, 1932.
"A Brief for Bankers"—*Clifford B. Reeves, American Mercury*, September, 1932.
"What About the Banks?"—*Frank A. Vanderlip, Saturday Evening Post*, November 5, 1932.
"The Banker's Dual Position"—*Robert V. Fleming, Nation's Business*, September, 1932.
"Too Liquid for Profit"—*Bankers' Magazine*, May, 1932.
"The Business Man and His Bank"—*Wm. H. Kniffin, McGraw Hill*, \$3.00.
This article from THE ROTARIAN: "My Friend the Banker"—*David William Moore*, September, 1931.

"EAGAN VERSUS EAGAN" (Boys' Work—Sports), Eddie Eagan.
"Fighting for Fun"—*Eddie Eagan, Saturday Evening Post*, April 2 and April 16, 1932.
"Fighting for Fun"—*Eddie Eagan, Macmillan*, \$2.50.
"A Man Must Fight"—*Gene Tunney, Houghton Mifflin Co.*, \$2.50.

"IS THIS ROTARY'S HOUR TO SPEAK?" (Community and Club Service), by Clinton P. Anderson.
"The Young Men Answer"—*McRady Huston, Scribner's*, October, 1932.
"The New Quitters"—*Kyle Crichton, Forum Magazine*, October, 1932.
"Leadership: A World-Wide Quest"—*James Truslow Adams, New York Times Magazine*, October 16, 1932.
"This Year of Cowardice"—*Charles Willis Thompson, Harpers*, October, 1932.
"Consumer Engineering"—*Roy Sheldon and Egmont Arens, Harper and Brothers*, \$3.50.
"Facing the Facts"—*A Diagnosis by Twelve Princeton Economists, G. P. Putnam's Sons*, \$2.50.
These articles from THE ROTARIAN: "Leadership on Trial"—*Sir Henry Thornton*, October, 1930; "Leadership Is Needed Most"—*William E. Borah*, March, 1931; "A City That Found Itself"—*Walter Locke*, November, 1931; "We Need Rotary Now"—*Theodore S. Johnson*, April, 1932; "Today's Challenge—What It Means"—*Clinton P. Anderson*, July, 1932; "Economic Dumbbells? Yes or No?"—*Sherwood Snyder*, October, 1932; "Won't Be Licked" (an editorial), October, 1932; "A Tip from Dayton" (an editorial), May, 1932.

"NOW I UNDERSTAND AMERICA" (International Service), by Stanislaw Belzecki.
In the *Secretary's Weekly Letter*: "Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students"—No. 14, October 26, 1931; "Wisconsin and Students from Other Countries"—No. 16, November 9, 1931; "More Wisconsin Clubs Entertain"—November 18 and 30, 1931; "Work With Students Getting Education Outside of Their Own Countries"—No. 28, February 8, 1932.
These articles from THE ROTARIAN: "International House at Oregon 'U'"—*Rex Tussing*, August, 1931; "Minnesota's Campus Ambassadors"—*Leland D. Case*, June, 1932; "Where Opportunity Knocks"—(editorial), June, 1932.

"HEADLINES FROM THE LABORATORY" (Vocational Service), by Watson Davis.
"New Scientific Miracles Work Business Revolutions"—*Chapin Hoskins, Forbes Magazine*, November 1, 1932.
"No Business Can Escape Change"—*Nation's Business*, September, October, November, December, 1932.

"PIGS THAT GO TO MARKET" (Vocational Service), by Leland D. Case.
"The Story of Meat" (Brief History of Livestock and Meat Industry)—*Institute of American Meat Packers*, Chicago.
"Tsa-a, Tsa-a, Tsa-a" (Story of a Huge Meat Packing Industry)—*Fortune Magazine*, February, 1930.
"Can Consumption of Food Be Increased"—*H. V. Pelz, Nation's Business*, November, 1932.
"The Why and How of a New Advertised Product (Hormel Soup)"—*Printer's Ink*, October 27, 1932.
"The Packing Industry—Pork Operations"—*Institute of American Meat Packers*, Chicago.
"Selective Selling Is Keynote of Many 1932 Industrial Marketing Programs"—*Sales Management*, May 15, 1932.



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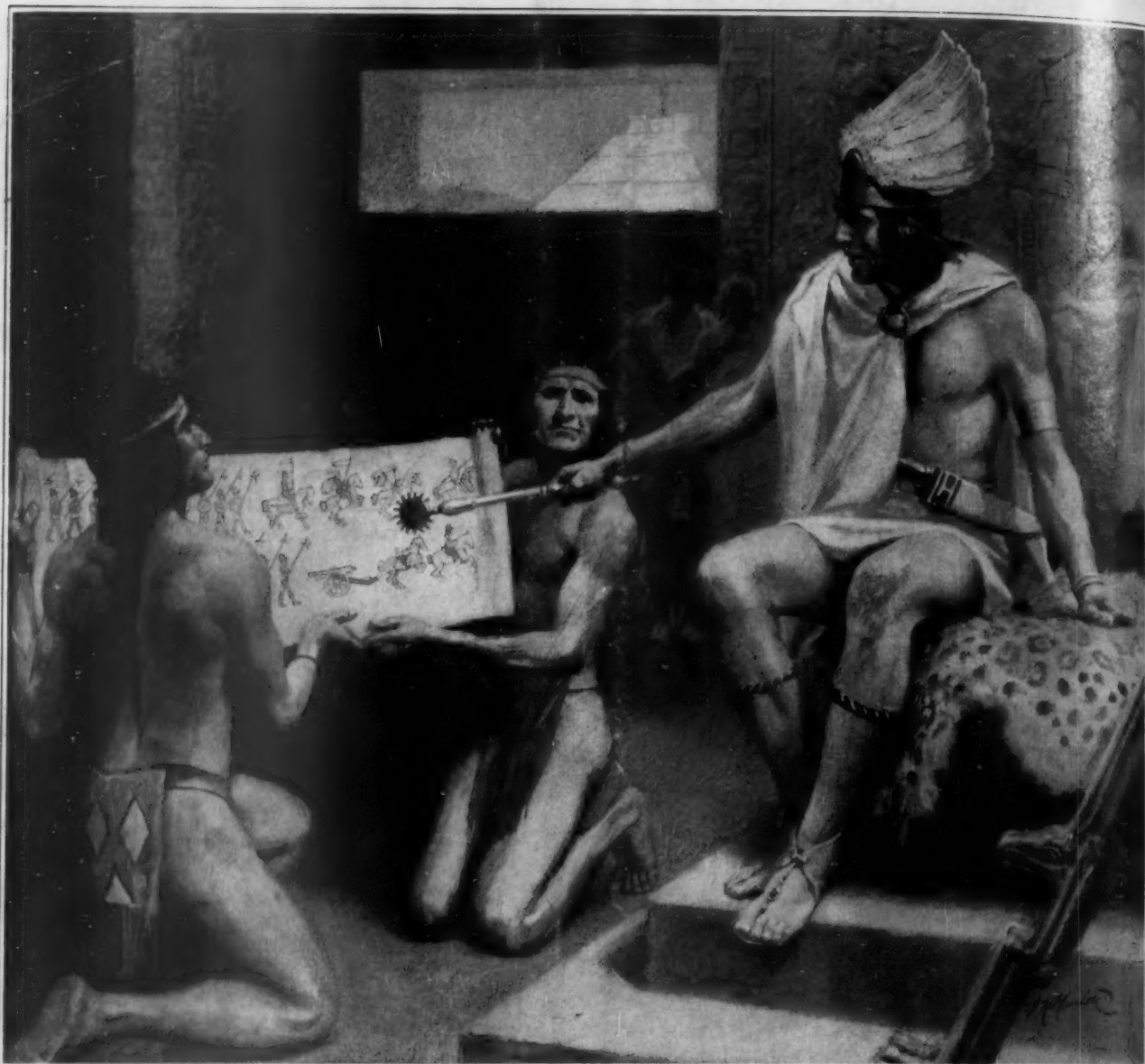
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